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"THE GOSPEL WITHOUT PREACHING IT"

"MPH" . . . "Ugh-ha" . . . spell it as you will, we all know the guttural expletive that is neither speech nor sigh, but much more expressive than either. The "man o' few worrds" who inhabits the Borders of Scotland puts more into his "Ugh-ha" than any man alive. And this story concerns such an one. It comes from the Mission Field of Africa. For upwards of ten years he had been on the station. Never had he preached in words; but more lastingly, perhaps, he had sown the Message—in directing the building of a perfect little Church, compact of African symbol and British durability: in reclaiming a desert of shrub to blossom as the rose: in teaching the use of tools to further agriculture. When men admired his Church, gloried in his garden, or extolled his farm, never did they draw more from our Missionary than "Ugh-ha."

Early one day the news came in of a young Missionary at an isolated out-station, who the day before had been mauled to death by lions. Immediately, our friend was making preparations to walk the distance and console the people by his presence. Some quixotic instinct that his errand was one of mercy alone, determined him to carry no weapon but a stout stick, fashioned by himself long years before from a tree by Norham Keep. Soon they were off on the narrow beaten track, himself and three bearers; trudging in single file through interminable grass to right hand and left, much higher than their heads. Nothing impeded their progress till five miles from their destination. There, across their path two hundred yards ahead lay three lions. On marched our friend, as if they were birds . . . and the lions unconcernedly went into grass. Five hundred yards further and again across their path they saw the beasts, this time facing them dead on, interested now in their steady oncoming. A hundred yards divided them, then fifty, then forty . . . when again they rose and went back to grass. It almost seemed they had gone for good—but half a mile forward there they were again: dead on, snarling, tails in motion, purposeful.

"With unperturbed pace, majestic instancy," our friend pursued his way. Sixty yards . . . forty . . . thirty . . . TWENTY-FIVE . . . with a roar together the three beasts plumped—into grass and could be heard careering away to the left, into the far distance. Not a word had been spoken from their first appearance until now. But, with the strange unity of thought that natives achieve in emotional crises, now the three bearers gave voice. Together in an ecstacy of relief they shouted "The Word of the Lord come true! Even the word of Daniel! The Living Word of God!" Our missionary, too, for the first time turned his head. He, too, gave vent to thought. And what he said was "Ugh-ha." G. F. M.

THE ONLY DIVIDEND

THREE times recently I have heard the question asked: "How does Toc H stand in relation to the World Crisis?" It is difficult to understand exactly what the question means, but it does suggest that many of us are wondering what can be the contribution of Toc H in facing the troubles that we all meet in everyday life.

One of the best war memorials in London is that on No. 1 Platform at Paddington. It is a fine bronze figure of a Tommy with his tin-hat on the back of his head and a woollen muffler round his neck, reading a letter. He stands there, caring nothing for hating Huns or killing the Kaiser but concerned only with the latest news from his own home, the happiness of which is his only real care in life and the cause of his going out to France—and not returning.

Fifteen years have rolled by since then and Toc H is again concerned with the happiness of men's homes, which is only another way of saying "The building of God's Kingdom in the wills of men." And Toc H will fail unless it faces squarely the ugly facts of life as well as the things of beauty, and considers how these can be overcome. It is as well to pause sometimes and consider what a large proportion (probably 80 per cent. at least) of the troubles of modern life could be prevented if only mankind would "pull its socks up."

If we analyse the main causes of unhappiness and distress they can be grouped under four or five headings:—

- (1) Strife (international, industrial and social);
- (2) Unemployment;
- (3) Bad housing conditions;
- (4) Ill-health;
- (5) Selfishness and thoughtlessness in our own homes.

I have put the greatest cause last. It comprises all the others and is, in fact, the root cause of what we call the World Crisis.

Unemployment

Let us consider, first of all, this tragedy of unemployment, because it touches us all very closely. We cannot deny that it is a problem of man's own making. God has given us an abundance of all the necessities of life, mankind has failed in the distribution, and this in spite of the enormous strides in industrial and scientific discovery of the last fifty years. This fact cannot be disputed, but it is often forgotten and when this happens we go badly "off the rails" in our efforts to plan the reconstruction of the world.

Unemployment will grow less when Nations become less selfish in their attitude towards each other. That is the key to the trade revival we are all searching for, and no scheme of tariffs or preferences can ever take its place. The problem is moral rather than economic and an excellent reminder of this was given us by Tubby a few months back when he said:—

"The only dividend God cares about is changed and better lives, lifted from idleness to usefulness, from listlessness to love."

What a pity those words cannot be written up in large letters of gold over the main entrance to the new Bank of England! It is the message which Toc H must carry into industry. When we have done that we shall have played our small part in bringing about a trade revival.

Bad Housing Conditions

Let us turn now to this other colossal job which faces the nation—the building of decent houses for our own people. It is wrong to say that the country cannot afford to tackle the problem of slum clearance. The truth is that we are not yet prepared to spend our own money on it—and that is very sad and must hurt Christ like the very devil. We have preferred to spend it on luxury flats, colossal offices and super-cinemas, because, according to our own method of reckoning, they pay better. It is the fallacy of dividends again. We could start on this problem of slum clearance to-morrow if only we could get out of the habit of “looking after number one.” That this problem can be solved when the will is there has been proved more than once by the several voluntary societies who have experimented successfully in various parts of London and elsewhere. I can hear someone asking “That’s all right so far as it goes, but what can Toc H do about it?” The answer is that we have got, first of all, to develop what Studdert Kennedy used to call a “pain in the mind” about it. By going out of our way to see and even experience something of slum life, by reading some of the many excellent books there are dealing with the lives of those whose horizon is brick-bound, by trying in some small way to help ourselves, we shall begin to realise the tragic waste of men’s lives—“the only coin that really counts,” as Tubby says. Then further thought will remind us that the responsibility is ours as well as the other fellow’s, and the pain in the mind must be passed on until it sinks deep into the public conscience. Then, and then only, something will be done about it. The problem can be solved when the will is created. There is a big difference between God’s Kingdom in the wills of men and in their hearts alone!

Ill-health

Mankind is making more steady progress with this problem than with any of the others and when corresponding headway is made with unemployment and slum clearance the problem of ill-health and disease will be more than half solved. Meanwhile, there is one aspect of the present day which is rather worrying. What effect is the fashion for hospital sweepstakes going to have on the spirit of charity? If this spirit dies the world will be a very sad place to live in. The habit of gambling, at one time seemingly harmless, has assumed dangerous proportions, and in the opinion of many thoughtful people it is a serious menace to the health of our social life, and not without danger to the hospitals themselves. It concerns Toc H because Toc H is guardian of a spirit which is closely akin to the spirit of real charity. For that reason it is well that we should look at both sides of the Irish Sweepstakes and not only at the one that is written-up in the *Evening Standard*. We are all gamblers at heart, but Toc H itself is a gamble far bigger and more exciting than any sweepstake, and the prize, if we do win through to the end, makes all other forms of lottery look very small indeed.

Strife

It is hardly possible in a short paper like this even to touch the fringe of the problem of international and social strife. But we are considering the happiness of men's homes and strife is the enemy that has broken up those homes all down the ages. So persistently has this happened in every century of history that there are to-day thousands of intelligent men and women in the world who honestly believe that, because war always has been, it always will be, and they round off their logic by declaring that "you cannot change human nature."

Toc H is an affair of youth and with all the energy of youth it must pounce on that lie and stifle it, not at birth, because it is too late for that, but before it is passed on to those who are even younger than ourselves. All of us in Toc H believe that God is good and that He wants us "to live together in love and joy and peace." As with unemployment, this problem of wars and strikes and lock-outs is one of man's own making. Time and time again we have disregarded Divine Will and always with the inevitable result, culminating in the tragedy of 1914/1918, which brought us nearer the end of civilization than many people realise. In 1918, God, with His infinite patience and forgiveness, put into the mind of man the idea of a Society of Nations, living together as one family in peace and with goodwill. If Toc H is "God's show" so also is the League of Nations. Both are a challenge to the new generation now growing up, both are Christianity in its simplest form. The connecting link between the League and Toc H is found in those words of Barkis':—

"To conquer hate would be to end the strife of all the ages, but for men to know one another is not difficult and it is half the battle."

What Toc H is attempting amongst men, the League of Nations is striving to do between Nations, and nowadays, when there is no such thing as economic independence amongst Nations, none of us can afford to stand aside and take no interest in international affairs. The first Point of the Toc H Compass is itself a reminder of our duty to other Nations and, if we are sincere in our desire for peace, then we must be prepared also to roll up our sleeves and work for it.

What part can Toc H play in clearing up this mess which the papers call "The World Crisis"? I have tried to show that we must bring back the standards of Christ into everyday life, starting with our own because selfishness is at the root of all these troubles that surround us. Christ's standard of values must be applied to industry and commerce, to politics and international affairs and even to our sports, where sometimes it is sadly missed. If we believe that Christ is the very best in men, it is hardly fair to meet Him in Church and cut Him in the street or leave Him out of our offices and places of amusement. Toc H tries to bring back this spirit by concentrating on the things which Christ loved most—fellowship and service and humour. Our success or failure can be measured by the effect Toc H is having on our own lives. When we get discouraged it is often because we think that others are not taking Toc H seriously, whereas the real fault lies in our own lack of faith and enthusiasm. Some of us are concerned about the political future of our country and think that some form of social upheaval is

inevitable. This may happen for better or for worse—but the solution of our troubles to-day will never be by political means. The World does not need better theories and better dreams but better men and women to carry them out.

Some time ago, John Oxenham, in writing to Tubby of Toc H, used these words:—

“Until the spirit of Christ is got back into the World, there will be no peace, no betterment, no happiness in it. It is a joy to know that you and your fellows are working to that end.”

Let us try all our lives to remember that. When we forget it we are not living but wasting life, and incidentally missing the whole vision of Toc H. History is continually repeating itself and we can well imagine that the social problems of nearly 2,000 years ago were not unlike our own. Christ did not attempt to solve the large problems of His day but concentrated on the spreading of the spirit which would in time solve them all. Our first and almost only job in Toc H is to cultivate that spirit within ourselves and then, without any conscious effort on our part, our light will shine before men and we shall have commenced to build the Kingdom of God. Toc H should consist of teams of men having that aim as their central purpose in life and pledged to dedicate all their energy and ability to that end. It was such a team of ordinary men which turned the World upside-down many years ago. It can be done again to-day if the will is there.

B. T. D.

TWO NEW TOC H PUBLICATIONS

A Treasury of Prayers and Praises for use in Toc H. New Edition. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.

The *Treasury* has been known and used all over the Toc H world for the last eight years. It was first published for use at the Birthday Festival Thanksgiving at All Hallows in 1924, and contained, beside the special form of service (based on *Pilgrim's Progress*) which Tubby wrote for that occasion, a selection of prayers and hymns for general use. Since then it has passed through three editions and sundry changes. In 1926 it was reprinted, without the Festival service; in 1928, with the Festival service restored. And now it appears with its contents enlarged, and entirely re-modelled. The old favourites among Toc H prayers, litanies and hymns will be found, but many new ones have been produced or discovered since the first *Treasury* and are now incorporated in it. The book, now 56 pages, contains seven sections—Bidding Prayers; Praises and Thanksgivings; Litanies; “Think on these things” (a series of short and memorable verses and sayings); Doxologies and Blessings; Prayers on various occasions; and Hymns (of which there are now 24). It is bound no longer in grey paper covers, but in blue limp linen which will give it longer life in Toc H rooms and chapels or for the member's private devotions. The price has had to be raised, but the book, it is hoped, will prove an invaluable possession to Toc H for many years to come.

A Toc H Map of the World. 2s. (including postage and cardboard tube packing).

The Map, which measures, roughly, 3ft. x 2ft., shows in red where Toc H is all over the world. Units can plant flags for themselves (as Leigh Groves suggested in the May JOURNAL) and thus keep the whole family in their mind's eye. Every Toc H room needs one.

TWO MEN IN A BOAT—I.

ALL of us know that "Bobs" Ford, for three years whole-time Padre of Toc H in India, is on his way home, and we know the general line of the long route by which he travels—Burma, Malaya, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan and then Eastwards across the New World to the Old again. We know the remarkable conditions under which he travels—as guest of an oil-tanker fleet in many waters. We know also that he does not go alone but—on the principle of the Gospel—"two and two," with Harry Chappell of All Hallows by his side. The essential facts about all this were printed in the July JOURNAL ("Another great adventure," p. 261). It is to be a marvellous and strenuous journey for these two, and momentous, please God, in the history of Toc H. We shall all wish to follow its stages as best we can and to remember them constantly. News will have to be pieced together as it comes in from various sources overseas to various points at home. Meanwhile, Harry Chappell has set himself the task—not easy to keep up under the exhausting conditions of travel in the tropics—of keeping a Diary, as last winter he did when he accompanied Tubby to Persia. We have already received copies of two instalments of this and print them herewith. We shall be able to read much between the lines of a free-and-easy record, written at odd leisure moments from day to day. Small happenings and great are inevitably mixed by this hurried method of writing history, but we shall find the picture, unlike some forms of history, living and human throughout.

Bobs said farewell at a great Guest-night at Calcutta on June 4, and left India to spend his last month with the family in Burma. Meanwhile, Harry Chappell left England on his way to Singapore, where he and Bobs were to meet. They saw each other for the first time on August 13 (as the Diary shows) and joined forces for their great task.

Diary of Harry Chappell

Saturday, July — : The Red Sea cannot be claimed as the best place to write a diary, nor even to begin one; but since just a fortnight has passed since we sailed from Liverpool, it is time a few things were put down. In 10 days' time we arrive at Singapore, where I hope to find Bobs. It seems a long time since the Friday evening when Gilbert Hare and Tubby took me down to the Victoria Dock from Gladstone House, and saw me on board the S.S. *Antenor*, together with an innumerable number of parcels. The present atmosphere, which is equal to the Tropical House at Kew superimposed upon that of a laundry working overtime, seemed impossible as we sailed in cold summer weather from England. There were 36 passengers on board, but after Port Said, we were left with only 14. At MARSEILLES the boat put in for a few hours and we were able to stretch our legs a bit.

The weather, when we had passed through the STRAITS OF MESSINA became very warm and a desperately hot passage through the Red Sea was anticipated, but it has been modified by a slight breeze, which though hot does help a little.

We were due in PORT SAID at 6.30 a.m. on Wednesday; my cabin was so hot that I was awake early, and at 5.30 the Steward came in with a note for me from the Pilot, who had come aboard to bring us into Port Said, and who is a member of Toc H, and who was a member of the now defunct Suez Branch. He came down to my cabin as soon as he had berthed the ship which had been earlier than he had told me in his note, so that I had not finished shaving when he arrived. Since he had been up most of the night he was eager to get home and change, so arranged to meet me on the waterfront at 10 a.m.

We had berthed near the entrance to the canal, so we had to go ashore by launch passing on the way S.S. *British Chancellor*, one of the Fleet of Oil Tankers on which Tubby and I had come home in January (*see April JOURNAL*).

Port Said was excited that morning, for Nahaz Pasha was there—we later saw him go down the Canal to Ismalia in a launch—and there was sure to be a number of cracked heads. Each street corner had a couple of policemen and when I went to join Morgan, who was in his car on the waterfront, I was stopped; so he drove round to me, and by going round another way where the police were less strict, got on to the front again.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan took me round Port Said, and to their flat, till I had to leave at 12 to rejoin the boat. Morgan had not heard anything about Toc H since he had left Suez, until Overseas H.Q. sent him a letter saying I was on the way to join Bobs. There seemed little chance of getting anybody in Port Said, the Suez Branch had had to discontinue when the E.T.C. reduced their staff, so that for the present he is a lone member. We left the Canal at 1.30 a.m. next morning, and since have been getting hotter.

Monday, August 8: On Saturday night at 9 p.m. we saw the lights of COLOMBO before us, but since we were not due in till 6 a.m. next morning we had to rest content with seeing the lights of the waterfront shining out through the darkness. We had a dance on deck on Saturday night, the first since Port Said; this had been due partly to the heat of the Red Sea, where the water had been 90°, and the atmosphere felt like that of a Tropical Plant House at Kew, superimposed upon that of . . . (You've said that before!—ED.) After we had passed Perim, and it had become cooler, the monsoon, though not great, was sufficient to lay out all the ladies, and played havoc with the deportment of one or two men. The only things that seemed to derive great pleasure from it were the Flying Fish who skimmed the water, darting away from the bows of the ship, just touching a wave crest now and then to gather impetus. Though we had been out of the Monsoon for some days now, we had not brightened up a great deal before to-night.

On Sunday morning, at 7.30 I was in my bath when I heard a voice shouting my name which I recognised as Stanley Clapham's;* so my fear that he would not be able to get away from Bombay, a journey of about 880 miles, was happily dissipated. However, I put my head round the bathroom door, there he was looking very fit, and with him Alec Gammon, the Secretary of the Colombo Branch. By eight o'clock, I was being marched off the ship, complete with two cameras, and put into a launch and carted off to breakfast.

It must be with loathing that all folk who live in Ceylon look upon the Hymnologist, who categorically announced to the Christian World that their Island was a good example of man's wickedness in a land of beauty; even sacrificing the scansion of his hymn to achieve his aim.† Though I have no idea who wrote it, I have an idea that the popularity of the hymn lies not only in its tune, but also to the fact that the vast majority of congregations can sing this verse comfortably since they at any rate have nothing to do with it, and can safely bemoan that it should be possible to say such things. Like every other visitor to the Island I could not resist the temptation to mention this as we walked up from the launch to Alec's car. Alec however showed no sign of impatience, but merely replied that the native papers still had leaders on the subject.

* Padre Stanley Clapham, of All Hallows, went out last winter to Persia with Tubby and Harry Chappell and thence, in January, to Bombay for work with the Missions to Seamen.

† Who made the melancholy mistake of substituting *Ceylon* (which doesn't scan) in "From Greenland's icy mountains"? What Bishop Heber (1783-1826) really wrote seems to have been:—

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er *Java's* isle.
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile. . .—(ED.)

At 11 a.m. we went to the "Slave Island Working Boys' Club," where we met the other members of the COLOMBO Branch, and one or two of the POLWATTEE Grope. We talked about Toc H at Home, and with them, and discovered that their jobmaster had, unknown to me, been wielding his sway over me while I was still in London and over others too. Somebody said something about pipes for the Leper Asylum, which made me remember that one morning when Hugh Wilson (*Warden of Mark I*) was breakfasting at 42, Trinity Square, he had said he wanted second-hand pipes for lepers, and I had promised to get some. That afternoon Tubby and I had gone to Britannic House (*H.Q. of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co.*), and had mentioned this to Dr. Dunstan, who gallantly offered to see what could be done about it in the building, though he, like the rest of us, was a little uncertain at what stage a pipe became second-hand. But the pipes the A.P.O.C. folk put into Tubby's room were soon sufficient to render the room almost untenable by their smell, and Michael (*Underhill, Tubby's new A.D.C.*) who had not then come to take over from me, gave them to Hugh. There was a certain worry over the transport of the pipes from Home to Colombo, but one of the Navy chaps who were there (for the *Emerald*, *Enterprise* and *Effingham* were all in at Colombo) suggested that some of their folk should bring them out. This I think a good example of the family doing a job.

Since the *Emerald* was in, York turned up at the Meeting, whom Tubby and I had met at Christmas time in Abadan. The latest job the Colombo folk have set themselves is looking after the Price Park Playground, where fifty or so boys from the worst slums are taught games by the Ceylonese members of the Branch, for the Europeans do not know the language sufficiently well.

After the meeting I went back with Alec and Co. to tiffin; Alec and Stanley came with me into the ship and remained until it was time to sail. I can make no claims, not even American ones, of having seen Colombo and Ceylon, but I had a wonderful time the few short hours I was there, making new friends and seeing old ones—a happy omen for the rest of the tour.

At 4.30 p.m. that Sunday afternoon, carrying the best wishes of the Colombo Branch to Bobs, we sailed for Penang.

Friday, August 12: Yesterday at 6 a.m. we arrived at PENANG where Frere and S. Amory left us to catch a train up to Bangkok on the following day. After breakfast I received a visit from Wilkie, the secretary of the Grope of Toc H which had been restarted by Bobs a few weeks before. He told me that they had a meeting that night at 9 p.m. at the Cricket Club, and he would call for me and take me along. While we were talking the Deck Steward came up and asked me if I would send off a telegram for him when I went ashore, asking the R.E.'s at Singapore to fix a soccer match against the *Antenor* on Saturday afternoon. Wilkie suggested that next time they were in they should play a match against a Penang Team, so that there looks as though the new Grope will have a job there in conjunction with the Missions to Seamen, for if it gets well going, the other Blue Funnel Boats are bound to join in.

Griffiths and I had tiffin with Frere and S. Amory, and then went off to see the Snake Temple, a little further inland. The snakes were lethargic and curled round the dry twigs on the table before the Altar, lay along the tops of pictures, and had threaded themselves in and out of all the wood carving in the Temple, their bright green bodies standing out against the blackened woodwork. On the altar a few sticks of incense burned, before the elaborately clothed figures in a case behind the altar, in front of which a flame burnt on a floating wick. To the right hand side of the altar was a cheap wooden clock,

while on a side altar there was a yet more incongruous mirror, of the type which one sees in a secondhand shop at home, having a wooden frame, with a drawer in the bottom. Having seen the snakes we drove back to Penang, and through the Botanical Gardens. The official name of the town is, I believe, George Town; the Island was ceded to the Honourable East India Company in 1786 by the Sultan of Kedah, and the walls of the Company's fort built by G. Light, who took over the Island, still look out on the bay.

At 9 p.m. Wilkie came for me, and we found the twelve other members of the Grope waiting in the Cricket Club. They are already doing a number of jobs, visiting the Hospital, the Leper Asylum, and taking the cripples of S. Nicolas' Home out for picnics on to the beach, and soon hope to lend a hand at the Seamen's Institute.

The meeting was over by about 9.30 and we gradually dispersed. They are quickly finding their feet, and it is to be hoped that too many of them will not be moved to other parts of Malaya, before the Grope is well established.

To-morrow, we reach SINGAPORE at 7 a.m. when we unite, as I wired Bobs from Penang, and got a reply saying he would be on board for breakfast.

Saturday, August 13: The boat was alongside by 7 a.m. : and before I was almost aware that we had arrived Bobs had routed me out of my cabin, and with him Fearnside and Hutchinson, whom I had last seen in the uniform of a Bee-feater at the Pancake Party. The four of us had breakfast on board; while we were engaged in that most important business, a friend of Garner Freeston's came and looked me up, and I felt that I was not going to be very long a stranger to Singapore.

After breakfast we got my luggage ashore as quickly as possible, and piling it mountains-high in a taxi, we got into another car, and drove to my host, A. J. Loder, where we deposited it all. Bobs then carted me off to Bishopsbourne and introduced me to the Bishop with whom he was staying, after which Bobs and I spent the remainder of the morning exchanging news and making plans. A cable arrived from Tubby while we were concocting one to him, and, this being done, it was time for tiffin for which I remained at Bishopsbourne with the Bishop and Mrs. Roberts and Bobs. At 4.30 Fearnside and I went to play tennis at the Missions to Seamen with Padre Brown, who is in charge of a most splendid mission, which gets some help from the Branch here.

My first night in Singapore ran on into the early hours of the morning, for I went out to dinner with R. F. W. Leonard, and afterwards on to the Cinema and the Tanglin Club. H. J. Loder, mine host and Toc H Pilot, possesses the most ferocious-sounding dogs by whom, but for the fact that they awakened their master, I stood a fair chance of being eaten when I returned.

Sunday, August 14: We went to the early Service in the Cathedral, which stands in the middle of the City surrounded by grass and trees. After the service we went to breakfast at the swimming club with Hutch, Fearnside, Pontifer, and spent the rest of the morning there. There is a chance of bathing in the sea, as well as in the bath, which takes almost as long to cross as it does to swim a length in most baths. Bobs preferred the sea, so we spent quite a time in the Paggar, and were the only folk there; we did not hear till next day that it was supposed to be visited at the moment by stinging fish! We spent a very pleasant morning, bathing and sitting round the edge of the bath watching water polo, till at last it was time to change and go to tiffin with Loder. We consumed immense quantities of curry, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in slumber.

Bobs preached at the Cathedral in the evening; the Wing turned up in full force to support him. After the Service Sykes made himself known as a prospective member, so that we gathered strength that Sunday evening.

Fearnside, Bobs and I went back to dinner with Padre Brown, the Missions to Seamen Chaplain, while Hutch went out on the launch to bring sailors off the ships. When he at length returned he had with him English, German and Swedes, who filled the little Chapel to its utmost, so that the riddel posts were festooned with the extra chairs. The service went forward without a hitch, those who could join in did so, those who knew little or no English followed to the best of their ability; Bobs gave a short talk and after a final hymn we all trooped downstairs into the concert hall, where a concert party had foregathered.

There were some other people already there, among them some from the *Antenor*, who had been unable to get off duty in time to attend the service. Several of them wanted to know more about Toc H, and promised to look up the folk at Gladstone House when the *Antenor* was next in Liverpool. The concert ended with some of the Germans singing a couple of folk-songs to us.

Monday, August 15th: This afternoon we went to tennis with Padre Band, the Presbyterian Padre of the Group, who had got together a number of other fellows to meet us. Unfortunately, a storm put an end to the tennis, so we made the best of it by listening to Bobs talking on Toc H. From there, after a quick change, we went to dinner with Mr. Wylly, of the A.P.C., who had been looking after us. To-day we heard that there would be a Tanker going to Brisbane on Friday, so we laid our plans accordingly.

Tuesday, August 16: I've had tiffin with the Bishop at the Singapore Club, where we met a number of folk. At 4.30 we went to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Millington, and on with them to the Swimming Club, where we again enjoyed a most excellent swim. Singapore is a most delightful place to be in, for its storms are soon over and forgotten and the sun blazes forth again—but it is not, at any rate just at present, unbearably hot.

At 6.30 this evening we made our way to Fearnside's rooms where the Group held its family meeting, to-morrow being the Guest-night, for which Lawes is coming down from Kuala Lumpur. The Family Night was devoted to jobs, and what was needed in that line in Singapore. We began by playing the gramophone records of the Prince's speech "The National Opportunity," which Tubby had given Bobs and me to take round with us. Then the Group looked over its job list and considered how best it might strengthen it. Sykes (a New Zealand member lately come to Singapore), Loder and I finished up after the meeting in a café, where we had dinner.

Wednesday, August 17: To-day is the climax of our stay in Singapore. At 1 p.m. we went to the Rotary lunch, at which we both spoke, of which speeches I can only say that the members looked none the worse after them. I nearly got caught out by not knowing that I was to be asked to speak till we arrived there. It so happened that both Bobs and I had stories to tell of Manchester which led to friendly protests by a native of that most excellent city.

We were to play tennis with Mr. Potts, but once more we were forestalled by a storm or two during the afternoon. So he took us round the Gap, a pass in the hills overlooking the harbour, and other spots round Singapore which we had not seen. Bobs has the advantage over me in knowing what the trees are, but I am getting to know the names of the various palms—fan palms, travellers' palms, sealing-wax palms and a whole lot more. As varied as the palms are the smells of Singapore, to diagnose which neither of us were capable, but with one accord we can murmur "Pineapple factory" with an air of complete assurance.

Yesterday we discovered a Chinese holiday, which accounted for the more than usual number of crackers which were being let off during the day. There is something pleasing about hearing crackers being let off in the middle of the day. Guy Fawkes affords the English but one annual opportunity of relieving their feelings in this manner, and no more does Till Eulenspiegel allow the Germans, but the Chinese can do it all day long. This habit, if introduced into England would, I feel, be welcomed. The golfer could carry a bundle round to help things out when he bungled a shot, or the familiar Monday morning feeling could be entirely eliminated by half-a-dozen crackers in the garden before breakfast. At night, as we came through the streets of the Chinese quarter, three or four candles were burning gaily on the doorstep, rather reminding one of the three candles burning in the windows of the householders of London to encourage the three Bishops.

On the more modern side of Singapore is the reclamation of a swamp, which is to become the civil aerodrome. At present it is a dreary stretch of black mud-banks and evil-looking pools, but when evened up it will make a vast landing ground.

The Guest-night was held in the Adelphi Hotel; there were, I think, thirty of us who turned up to dinner, in various stages of dress and undress. Bobs and I had agreed to split the difference, so he went in a blazer and I in a dinner jacket. After dinner there was one initiation and then Light, taken round the Malayan Branch Lamp, which is dedicated to Andrew Irvine, who died on June 8, 1924, in an attempt to reach the top of Mount Everest. Then Bobs and I had our say, and we finished up about 10 p.m. after family prayers.

Thursday, August 18: We got off our mail, and did not meet till the afternoon, when at Col. Chapman's invitation Bobs told the tale of Toc H to the 1st Battalion of the Gloucesters. He is getting his hand in at this job, for in Rangoon he talked to the 1st Battalion of the Buffs, which must have been a great delight for it was the "Gen's" old Battalion, their present S.M. being in the same platoon with him during the war. Leonard came to Bishopsbourne for us, and we went to dinner with him and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Salmons, fetching up afterwards at the cinema.

Friday, August 19: Even Oil Companies are subject to the rule of the weather, and thus our Tanker was delayed by intermittent storms from loading all its tins, so that one sailing has been postponed from four o'clock this afternoon to seven to-morrow morning. Hutch and Fearnside thereupon rang up and told us to come out to dinner with them, which we accordingly did. The daylight hours were spent in getting our luggage away. Bobs appeared at 10 a.m. riding on a Ford van, leaving his luggage at Loder's place; and, having put mine on board, we dropped him at Bishopsbourne, while I took the luggage down into Singapore on the Ford van and delivered it to the A.P.C., who took it over to the island and put it on board.

After dinner we found our way with our hosts to the "New World," where for 10 cents. we sampled the drama as portrayed by various Eastern natives. Chinese, Tamil, Malayan—all of which seem to rely more upon the beating of drums and clashing of cymbals than the spoken word. Never before have I visited six or seven shows for ten cents.

So much for our last night in Malaya. We have had a splendid time here, and to-morrow morning pick up the Tanker on the Roads.

(To be continued—as instalments arrive).

IN SEARCH OF NATAL

THERE are several reasons for this article. Principally it is a gesture of gratitude to Leigh Groves for his article in the May JOURNAL calling attention to Overseas work, to Tubby for his speech on the same at the Central Council meeting and to Toc H, England, for its reviving interest in the subject. It will also serve to show the kind of work that comes the way of a whole-timer in this part of the world. Finally, it will give some news of the family in Natal; news which, entirely through our own fault, has been lacking in the JOURNAL for a long time.

There is no whole-timer working in Africa at present. Distances are great, so that, even in a small area like Natal, units are so far away from the larger towns that most of their members find it impossible to attend Conferences or Birthday Festivals. They thus lose something of the family spirit and of the sense of unity. The only thing that would, in a small degree, compensate for this sense of being on the circumference instead of at the centre, is a visit from someone nearer to the hub. But from whom? Most of the H.A.A.'s (*Hon. Assistant Administrators*) have not the opportunity. Only a whole-timer can give the required attention. This is the record of an "amateur whole-timer" whose month's holiday afforded the necessary opportunity. The tour was planned in three parts, with a short rest between each, and aimed at seeing something of the units distant from Durban. There are 10 units in, or close to, Durban, and 14 more remote. All of the last but two were visited.

We (my wife and I) set off to visit ZULULAND. Immediately on leaving Durban we passed through waving fields of sugar-cane, and saw little other crop for several days. On reaching *Verulam* enquiry was made for the reasons for the apparent inactivity of the branch of late. The answer was immediate—Malaria. The Secretary has had four bouts this year, a foundation-member three, and hardly a member has escaped. They are now, with the coming of the colder weather, resuming their meetings.

Evening found us 140 miles from home, at *Empangeni*. The warmth of the welcome compensated for the rigours of the road. The social evening and Toc H talk was attended by exactly one person for every mile we had travelled. This unit has attained conspicuous success as a result of good team-work between padre and layman, bearing out what Tubby told the Central Council. Men of both white races, magistrate, doctor, schoolmaster—all have been roped in. While not an inflexible rule, three months' probationership and *ten* jobs accomplished, are required before initiation. All that a visitor could do here was to bring a cheery greeting from afar—advice was unnecessary to Toc H at its richest.

Next morning saw us, after a stimulating chat with the padre, resuming our journey. The way lay through native locations, dotted with euphorbia (giant cactus) and blazing with the flame-like spikes of the flowering aloes. Zulu men and women, clad either in the ceremonial dress of beads and skins, or more generally in the worn and tattered European costume, went unconcernedly about their avocations as we passed. Lunch was taken at the Umhlatuzi river—like so many Natal streams either a mere trickle (as now) or a raging torrent. As there are many hereabouts we hoped to see a crocodile, but there was none, though the Natal Road Map marks a ford not far distant as "Dangerous in wet weather—infested with crocodiles." Here we could not have been much above sea-level, but in the next 15 miles we climbed 3,000 feet. Up, up, up in the coloured hills ran the road—a seemingly endless ascent, until we came to *Melmoth* at the end of a 70 mile trip. It was on this section that the thought came, "Oh, to be able to drive Tubby through this country." Perhaps next year the wish may be fulfilled. Melmoth has just attained Group status and is an ideal centre for Toc H—self-contained, and with men of

both English and Afrikaans-speaking races in about equal numbers. At a public meeting we initiated the first six members, sponsored by Eshowe men who had helped to start the Group and who had driven over to act in the capacity of sponsors to their Toc H god-children. Next morning we saw their corporate job, the construction of a bathing-pool at a picnic-spot a short distance from the township. They are damming the stream, removing boulders weighing many tons from its bed, and planting trees to afford shade to picnic-parties. One felt that Toc H has made a good start here, but regretted the chance which a whole-time man would have, to spend several days there, occupied in talking to "key" men and enlisting the sympathy of others. There is great scope for Toc H in Melmoth.

Next day to *Eshowe*, recently granted Branch status. A talk to the unit and friends at a picnic in the beautiful forest resulted in their determining upon active steps towards building their own room—also to be used as a club-room for the younger men of the township.

Gingindhlovu came next. The unit has been going ten months. At the public meeting a striking thing occurred. Half-formed doubts as to the "depth" of the unit led to a three-quarters of an hour talk upon the deeper significance of Toc H. Three men were selected to be watched during the speech, to enable the speaker to "judge how things were going." Men as dissimilar as possible. One was a "back-veld" Dutchman with scrubby chin, another a keenly-intellectual Afrikaans-speaking probationer, and the third an English planter of public-school type. At the end three men came forward to say how they had been touched by what was said. They were the three men afore-mentioned. It was not because of the speaker but because of the power of the Toc H message to attract men of varying outlook. We fail to hold them only when we fall short of our ideals.

Next day saw us at home for three days' rest, after a trip of 384 miles, having, in this distance, visited four units.

The journey was resumed in the contrary direction, down the Natal "South Coast." The first engagement was to give addresses at two Delville Wood services, at Umkomaas and Scottburgh, arranged by the former padre of *Hillary*, *Escombe* and *Malvern* Branches, and (we fondly believe) the inventor in Toc H of District Committees. The only evidence on this point is that the first meeting of the Natal Coastal Federation (as the D.C. was then called) took place a month before the passing of the memorandum by the Central Executive establishing District Committees. The Padre was the leading spirit of the Federation.

The coast of Natal resembles nothing so much as a sharply-tilted piece of corrugated cardboard. It slopes steeply to the sea, and is seamed with numerous rivers, bearing beautiful names like *Impambinyoni*. Over 50 are crossed in the 86 miles between Durban and Port Shepstone, our next port of call. "Crossed" is not always the correct term, for many of them are not bridged. The road twists and bends sharply, and then, usually unexpectedly round a corner, one comes to a steep declivity, and then the "drift"—or "ford" as it would be called at Home. If rain has fallen recently the drifts may be impassable. Then one climbs out a mile, frequently all the way in second gear, even with a powerful car, tops the rise, and falls again, and rises—and repeats the dose all the way to Port Shepstone. One lingers thus upon the road because, with its sudden curves, steep gradients and seamed and broken surface, it probably compares unfavourably with any main road in the world. But the vistas of rolling hills and smiling Indian Ocean afford ample compensation.

Port Shepstone, in contrast to many Natal units which have experienced great difficulty in obtaining padres, has two of most excellent type. As a new unit they have not yet become completely un-selfconscious. Christian or nicknames are little used. But the family-spirit is fast developing and the unit is well established.

Next day saw us off on our 94 mile journey to *Ixopo*. At one spot we saw a crowd of diminutive, pot-bellied Zulu picanins controlling a vast herd of native cattle passing through the location's dipping-tank, thwacking vigorously huge oxen under whose bellies they could have passed without stooping. At another was a group of about two dozen brightly-clad Indian women and children washing and spreading vivid garments upon the boulders of a river bed.

Would that you could be told of lions menacing the highway, but nothing more dangerous was encountered than a monkey sitting in the roadway or a "tegwan" (ibis) flapping lazily away, though in the cane-brakes beside the road, "mambas," the swiftest and deadliest snake in the world, were unquestionably gliding upon unsuspecting cane-rats.

The enthusiastic *Ixopo* Branch were sadly depleted owing to the holidays. Out of consideration for the miles we had travelled they did not demand a speech (*So* unlike *Ixopo*). Instead they arranged a delightful family-party of Emmas and Toc H, in which we crawled happily about the floor in charades.

From *Ixopo* to *Richmond* it is all hills—real hills. One is six miles (down) and another seven miles (up). The sun shone brightly. Then occurred one of those sudden changes which make Natal weather so trying at this time of the year. In twenty-five minutes the temperature fell as many degrees. So we went on to *Richmond*. Here we found the unit having an uphill struggle, and came across the phrase which this trip has made familiar, ". . . . is a funny place in which to get Toc H going." (The blank can be filled by the name of almost any place visited on this tour through Natal). Here we gave the advice, which we gave in all "difficult" places, "Mark down a suitable man. Concentrate upon him. *Bring* him to meetings (not *invite* him), but see that your meetings are such as to attract him. When you have succeeded (or failed) mark down another, and so on. Advance one man at a time."

The next day we arrived home—the speedometer stating that the visits to three units had absorbed 349 miles. Four days' rest was planned, but the changeable climate took its toll, and the four days were spent in bed under doctor's orders. It meant setting out alone on the last lap, as the previous tours had proved too much for my wife's health.

Maritzburg, with its two Branches, came next, occupying two evenings. One Branch is still going strongly, and many men were remarked therein who were in Toc H Natal at its inception six years ago. The other Branch has recently made considerable headway. If there be one impression more outstanding than others from this trip it is the necessity for a new kind of Toc H literature. There are plenty of books for the new units—which are usually so enthusiastic as hardly to need them. What is *urgently* required is a series for the *mature* units—to be entitled, "How to Prevent Hardening of the Toc H Arteries."

From *Maritzburg* to *Estcourt* a tramp (with whom Natal roads now abound) was given a lift. The man whom he claimed as his brother had a very distinguished record in the war and he himself (so he said) was at a very famous Scottish public-school. Now he is, unfortunately, definitely of the Confraternity of the Crooked Elbow. *Estcourt*, still a grope, provided a meeting very reminiscent of a meeting in a London Mark. Over twenty keen men of excellent type are really getting down to the Toc H job, and should produce a unit of unmistakable quality.

From *Estcourt* to *Ladysmith* is historic ground. Colenso, Elands-laagte, Chieveley and the like are names familiar once to older men, and on the hills around are many graves and memorials to the Elder Brethren of an earlier generation. In *Ladysmith* (busy planning the Toc H Camp from which a Northern Districts Committee is likely to come into being—thus making our decentralisation practically complete) there was time to visit but two of the leading members, and then go on to *Newcastle*, where smoke-stacks and slag-heaps provided an unfamiliar feature of a Natal landscape.

At *Newcastle* the recently-formed grope had distributed 500 handbills to ensure a crowded public-meeting. The mayor had consented to take the chair. 250 miles had been travelled to make the meeting possible. Including grope members, women and children, there were 24 present. But it was worth it. The grope confidently expects the addition of three, possibly four, new members as a result. And the men now in are "stickers," who are determined upon success for Toc H in *Newcastle*. Good luck to them in their gallant efforts.

On the way home a youth—unemployed, and rapidly becoming unemployable—was given a lift, and so we came to *Howick*. This was a meeting arranged by telegram, and on the spur of the moment. It gave opportunity, however, for a discussion of their problems, with some of the leaders, and so may have done more than merely provide a welcome break in the long trek home.

Next day saw the end of the tour. One more mile would have made the total of this section 500 miles, with five units seen. Thus, in all, the tour had covered 1,232 miles and twelve units had been visited. A little over 100 miles to each unit.

Was it worth the time and energy? To the writer, definitely "Yes." It is hoped that it may have been of some help also to the units visited. But how often is such a trip possible? How many Toc H officers can afford the time? What of those areas in South Africa and Rhodesia where distances between units are much greater than they are in Natal? And what of other areas still untouched by Toc H? Most necessary is the man who can remain long enough in a place to "follow up" the meetings by discussions with leaders of the unit and with leading citizens. Hence the need for a whole-timer.

The ideal method is a Toc H house in *each area*, which would be the whole-time man's headquarters and form a real training-centre—something like Gilbert Williams's house at Bromley. We are helping ourselves (as this article is intended to show) all we can. But the harvest is greater than the supply of labour. Thus our cry to you who can, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

THE ELDER BRETHREN

William Arthur Clipsham : Horncastle Group

When WILLIAM CLIPSHAM passed over on July 2, at the age of 34, he not only left the first gap in the ranks of his Group but was missed by every passer-by on the road from Horncastle to Skegness, his beat as an R.A.C. guide. He had a cheerful word and smile for every road-user, and his last illness struck him down, still game, at his post.

J. J. Cook : Dovercourt Branch

By the death of "Pop" Cook, his Branch has lost its oldest member and some-time Chairman and all members a faithful and warm-hearted friend.

HOW WE GOT THE ARMS



THE heraldic origin and some of the interpretations of the beautiful and significant arms of Ypres are familiar to any who care to enquire (see, for instance, *The Cross of Pride and the Cross of Pain* in the JOURNAL, August, 1927, reprinted in June, 1932). Members who wear the shield of the City arms on the pocket of their blazers do so in confidence that they have a right to use this badge. Some of them remember reading, here or there in Toc H literature, that express permission for them to do so was given by the Mayor of Ypres in early days. The statement has been repeated for ten years—and during that time no sort of documentary evidence could have been produced if our right to wear the arms had been

challenged. The war-time Mayor of Ypres is dead, and no one else in the City is likely to have any knowledge of the matter. By a remarkable chance the documents connected with this grant have just come to light—thrust between the pages of an old note-book which came home from Poperinghe at the end of the War and which has lain disregarded among Tubby's papers ever since.

Before giving members a copy of the correspondence, it may be worth while to say a few words about the old Mayor of Ypres. M. Colaert, the war-time Burgomaster, was a familiar and distinguished figure. He served the City for something like forty years (for mayoralty in Belgium is not, as with us, an office for annual election), not only as its civic head but as a deputy in Parliament. With the outbreak of War in 1914 his responsibilities as the head of a sleepy market town were, of course, heightened with abrupt violence, but he rose to them and shouldered the immense burden. With his historic town-hall tumbling about his ears in flames and his people stricken in the streets, he had to do what he could in the panic and cruelty of evacuation; to carry out the decrees of the German Army which streamed through his city in the early weeks of the War—and then streamed back again, never (except as prisoners) to return; to safeguard, as best he could, all that remained in the wreckage. All this left a deep mark on him, and ever afterwards he could be instantly "touched off" into fierce invective when he talked about the War. With the return of peace, M. Colaert, now an old, white-bearded man, had to display his leadership in the restoration of a fair City in complete ruin. To this he devoted unceasing energy, and the swift resurrection of the new Ypres from the scattered stones of the old seems almost a miracle to those of us who watched the City die and rise again. When the Menin Gate was opened on July 24, 1927—the symbol of an indissoluble link between Ypres and the British race—the old Burgomaster, to his great grief, was too ill to be present. On that day he was visited by the King of the Belgians and Lord Plumer, for both our nations had good cause to do him honour. And when he was carried out under the Gate in the early days of September that year to his last rest, the great procession of citizens which followed his body was token of the place he had come to hold in their regard.

It was natural and right that M. Colaert should come into first-hand touch with Toc H. The correspondence about the arms of the City took place in 1921. In December, 1922, the Mayors of Ypres and Poperinghe were invited by Toc H to attend the Birthday



The cover design for "The Northern Light," the quarterly magazine of T. C. H. in Scotland. The original drawing is now in the Chapel of Mark XX., Putney.

GOD is a Carpenter hewing precious wood,
Planing it and smoothing it until its shape is good.

GOD is a Merchant, buying souls to fashion;
His Coin is love and tenderness and uttermost compassion.

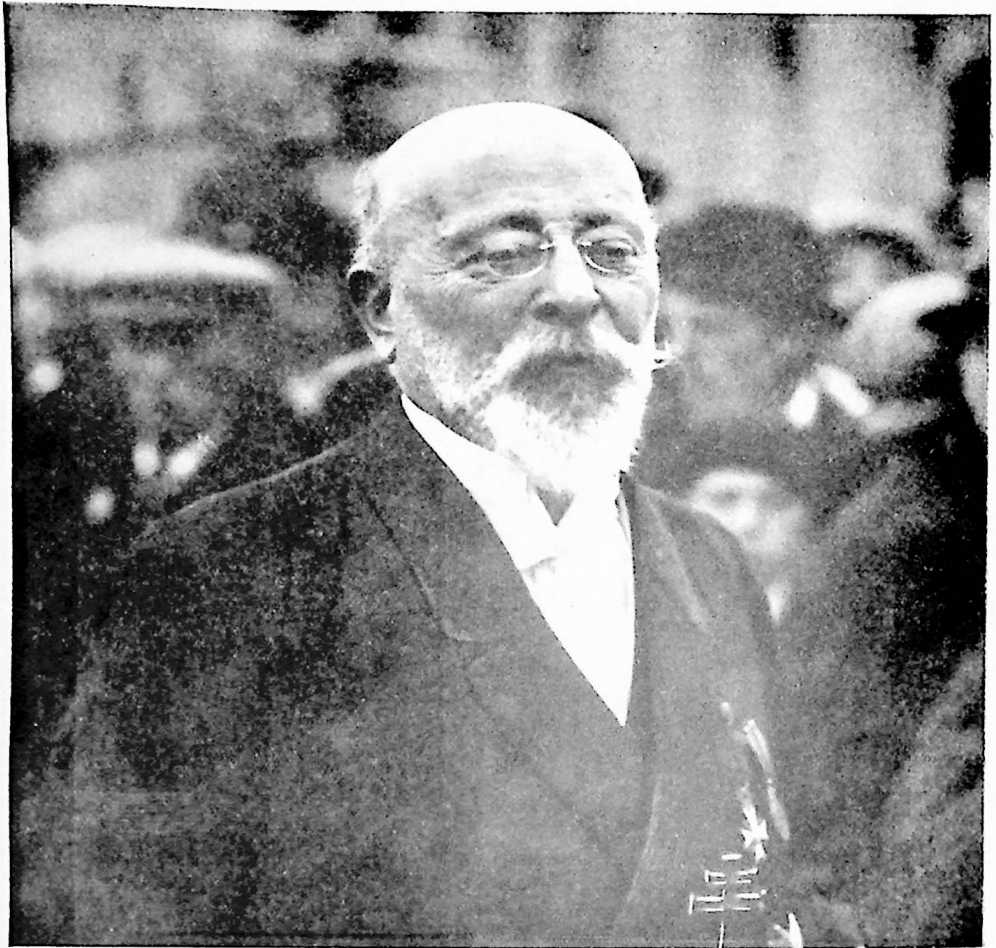
GOD is a Shipwright. Mighty ships and swift
Go forth from underneath His Hands, to succour souls adrift.

GOD is a Mason. That Foundation Stone
on which the earth and Heaven stand came from him alone.

GOD is such a mighty Being, so wonderful and vast,
That He is all things under sun, the First and still the Last.

BUT first He was a Carpenter, shaping souls of gold
From cheap woods and precious woods, and woods new and old.

*JESUS the Master Carpenter, who at the last, through woods and nails, purchased man's whole
Salvation, wield well Thy tools in this workshop of Thine, that we, who come rough-hewn,
may here be fashioned to a truer beauty by Thy Hand. Amen.*



BURGOMASTER COLAERT RECEIVING THE SILVER LAMP OF YPRES,
MARCH 21, 1923.

The Double Cross on the Lamp, which he holds in his hand, is seen on the right at the bottom of the picture. Below is reproduced the sentence from his letter of 1921, granting the use of the City arms.

*J'autorise volontiers les membres de "Callo'st-Houti"
à se servir des armoiries de la ville d'Ypres Com-
mand indiqués sur leurs vêtements de sport, en
mémoire de la héroïque défense de cette ville*

*L. Burgomestre,
R. Colaert*

Festival in London, and both made speeches at the first Lamp-lighting by the Prince of Wales in Guildhall. No one who was present will forget M. Colaert's oratory—not so much its substance (for his fiery French was beyond most members' comprehension) but its vigour and almost interminable length! The Mayors had been tactfully asked to write out their speeches—and to keep them short. A member of the Birthday Committee who called on M. Colaert beforehand at the Mansion House (the Belgian Burgomasters, with their wives, were the guests of the Lord Mayor of London) found the draft of his speech admirable in substance and length. But when the fine old man found himself on a platform facing a packed audience of fine young ones he was completely carried away. All we could do was to cheer whenever he paused for breath and hope for the best!

M. Colaert's next meeting with Toc H was in the following year—on Palm Sunday, March 25, 1923—in the Grande Place of his own City. The Square is always gaily populated on a Sunday afternoon, and the audience on that day was greatly swelled by some of the 900 British pilgrims—mothers, fathers and widows taken out to visit graves by St. Barnabas' Pilgrimages and led by Toc H stewards—who happened to be there. The band of the Royal Artillery, which accompanied the Pilgrimage, made music. There was a brief but significant Toc H ceremony. Three members, each wearing the Ypres arms on his blazer pocket, stepped forward and presented, simply but solemnly, a Silver Lamp of Maintenance to the City of Ypres "in memory of its defence by British soldiers." M. Colaert, wearing his sash of office and his orders, received the Lamp on behalf of his fellow-citizens and made a short but moving speech of thanks. How jealously it is guarded among the City's possessions was shown when those who were holding the first Toc H meeting in Ypres in October, 1925, wished to use it for the ceremony of "Light." The JOURNAL of that time thus reports the incident:—

Saturday morning ended with a formal visit to the new Hotel de Ville. Did the Town Clerk remember a Lamp presented to the City a couple of years since? "*Mai oui, la Lampe de Toc Ache!*" Might we be allowed to see it? A friendly official fetched the key and unlocked the place where the Silver Lamp of Maintenance is kept—and the place is not a safe or a dusty cupboard, but the "Mayor's Parlour." In the centre of the room is a large oak table and in the centre of the table stands our Lamp, the most conspicuous object to any visitor's eye. Might we be allowed to borrow it for a certain solemn purpose for an hour after lunch?

"*Ah, monsieur, il faut demander M. le Bourgmestre, lui-même.*" So a little procession, with the Lamp in its midst, crossed the wet square and waited on Burgomaster Colaert. M. Colaert was courteous, but hesitated long before he gave leave of absence from the Town Hall to what he said was a treasure for which he was responsible to the citizens. In the end the Lamp was ours to use—but not to handle, for the same smiling official who had just displayed it to us, brought it to our meeting, sat near it and took it home again. "*Moi je suis le gardien de la Lampe,*" he said. And we, on our side, were proud of their pride in this thing.

But now for the correspondence between Tubby and M. Colaert upon which our privilege of wearing the Ypres arms rests. Here are the letters—Tubby's translated from the French, the Burgomaster's in the original.

I.—FROM TUBBY TO THE BURGOMASTER, MAY, 1921.

Translation: Sir, it may be that among the innumerable associations which have for the British people as for yourself a character as sacred and immortal as the very name your City bears, the history of the origin of "Talbot House" may not be entirely unknown to you.

From 1915 until the armistice the functions of a chaplain of the British garrisons of Poperinghe and Ypres devolved upon me, and the creation of two houses offering a rest to officers and men was one of the methods by which I tried to accomplish my task. At Poperinghe this house was on the property of Monsieur Coevoet Camerlynck in the Rue de l'Hôpital, and that at Ypres was installed in the ruins of the Lace School in the Rue de Lille.

From these two houses was born a movement in England which is developing with remarkable success under very distinguished patronage. I take the liberty of sending you herewith a copy of our first Annual* in which you will find a reproduction of a letter from the Prince of Wales, who from the first moment has followed with great interest the work of the association.

I am going to ask you in the present letter if you think it possible to give permission to the members of "Talbot House" to use the arms of the City of Ypres as the badge on their blazers ("clothes of sport") in memory of services rendered in the defence of that proud city. It is at the request of my committee that I have the honour to address these lines to you, for naturally it would not venture to take this liberty without previous consultation with you.

We can assure you of our appreciation and deep gratitude if you give us your consent and we shall see in it not only an act of generosity on your part, but also a means of strengthening yet more the ties which bind us to our friends across the Channel and of developing the friendship which was so well shown in the days of the Great War.

Please accept, Sir, my sincere greetings.

P. B. CLAYTON.

* i.e., *The Christmas Spirit*, the "Toc H Annual," published in 1920.

II.—FROM THE BURGOMASTER TO TUBBY.

Ypres, le 3 Juin, 1921.

Revérend Monsieur,

En réponse à votre très estimée lettre du 24 du mois écoulé j'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître que j'autorise volontiers les membres de "Talbot House" à se servir des armes de la ville d'Ypres comme insigne sur leur vêtements de sport, en mémoire de l'héroïque défense de cette ville.

Je suis heureux d'avoir cette occasion de vous témoigner toute ma sympathie à laquelle je joins mes remerciements pour l'exemplaire que vous avez bien voulu me faire parvenir de votre premier Annuaire.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur, pour vous et les membres de votre comité l'assurance de mes considerations très distinguées.

Le Bourgmestre,

N. COLAERT.

Translation: Reverend Sir, In answer to your esteemed letter of the 24th ult. I have the honour to inform you that I willingly authorise the members of "Talbot House" to use the arms of the City of Ypres as a badge on their blazers, in memory of the heroic defence of this City.

I am glad to have this opportunity of signifying to you all my sympathy, to which I join my thanks for the copy of your first Annual which you have been kind enough to send me.

Please accept, Sir, for yourself and the members of your committee the assurance of my best wishes.

N. COLAERT, Burgomaster.

III.—TUBBY TO THE BURGOMASTER, JUNE 15, 1921.

Translation: Sir, I have pleasure in acknowledging your honoured letter of June 3, and convey to you, in the name of my committee, our most sincere thanks for your generosity.

In bearing the arms of the city which, above all others, has had to sustain the burden of the most cruel sufferings and has been the scene of the most bloody and desperate fighting, we hope to transmit to the youth of England the memory of that hope which in the moments of her greatest trial she never lost.

As I write these lines there comes to my mind the indelible memory of a winter day which I spent before the War within the walls of your town. There I breathed, in the shadow of your beautiful Cathedral, the air of serene calm which suggests to us the witness of a glorious past, now, alas!, in ruins through the tyranny of German "Kultur."

We pray sincerely for the resurrection of your noble city, that she may not be delayed in rising from her ruins still more noble than before, and that no limit may be set to her hopes.

Please accept, dear Sir, the expression of my deep gratitude.

P. B. CLAYTON, Chaplain of Talbot House.

STAFF AND FUNDS FOR OVERSEAS

DURING the last year or two the sense of their own vital concern in the work of Toc H Overseas has been steadily growing among members at home. This showed itself in no uncertain light when the Central Council—for the first time in its history—held a second meeting (on May 21) in order to consider this one issue. Attention was then called to the urgent need for full-time staff, and for money to appoint and support them, all over the world-wide field. Since that meeting the powers that be have not been standing still, and a definite beginning has been made to carry out the resolution which the Council then passed, as the following notes will indicate.

For India

All members know that "Bobs" Ford has finished a three-years' tour of duty as full-time Padre in India, and has started homewards on a long missionary journey with Harry Chappell as his companion (see news on page 330). *The money for their tour is not being drawn from the Overseas Fund of Toc H and does not therefore come within the scope of these notes.*

Padre F. W. BAGGALLAY, who has been Tubby's right-hand man at All Hallows for sixteen months, is to sail from Genoa for India on October 23 to succeed Bobs Ford as Toc H Padre for India. He will be greatly missed at All Hallows, and by no one more than by Tubby, who—putting his own principles into practice—not only gave a most generous gift of £150 to the Overseas Fund (see below, p. 345), but made a very great personal sacrifice in agreeing to surrender Padre Baggallay. We are making a grant of £250 from the Overseas Fund to the Toc H India Council towards the cost of this appointment over three years. As has been said already (see Council meeting report, June JOURNAL, p. 222), this has been possible because many of our padres throughout the year have been raising money for this purpose by undertaking extra Sunday duty.

For Southern Africa

A note in the August JOURNAL (p. 316) must have broken it to the family that it was proposed to send OWEN WATKINS (Hon. Joint Administrative Padre) to South Africa for a time. This has now been definitely arranged. He is to go for about a year very early in 1933, and he will take with him *one of our young Area Secretaries*, who is to serve Toc H "Southern Africa" (as it is now to be called*) for two years as Secretary to the Hon. Commissioner (Sir Herbert Stanley) and to the Southern African Council and Executive which are about to be set up. The whole cost of Padre Watkins' expenses—he will receive no salary—is to be charged to the Overseas Fund; also the Secretary's salary (with the loss on exchange) for the first year and the cost of his passage. A cable from Sir Herbert Stanley assures us that this plan is cordially and gratefully welcomed by the family out there. We need not ask specially for further money for Southern Africa, but this plan will practically exhaust the Overseas Fund, apart from the money earmarked for India, and a small sum reserved provisionally for Eastern Canada.

For Eastern Canada

We have had full discussions with Padre ALBERT HOLMES, of Toronto, and with H. B. SPEAKMAN, the Hon. Registrar of Ontario. They have now both gone back from England to Toronto, where they will take counsel with all concerned. They may put up a very

* "South Africa" is commonly understood to mean "The Union of South Africa"; "Southern Africa" will also include the Rhodesias which are not in the Union.

strong case for the loan of a layman for a year or two, to work as Padre Holmes' partner, and it will be quite impossible for us to help in this way unless the Overseas Fund continues to grow.

New Zealand's Need

New Zealand has by no means been forgotten, but we cannot make a really effective plan to give the Dominion the help it urgently needs, without much more money than is in sight at present—for the man, whoever he may be, who goes to New Zealand, will have to be replaced at home. If we had two years' salary and travelling expenses in sight, we could forthwith choose the man, find his successor and put the plan in operation next year.

The Argentine Problem

The Argentine 'problem' is at the moment in the capable hands of G. H. Harrison, one of the Hon. Overseas Commissioners, who has gone to Buenos Aires on a short visit, and will consult with the local Council, and advise, when he returns.

A Man in the United States

It has long been clear that Toc H could not hope to grow in the United States, or even to maintain its small beginnings there, without a single full-time man. It is equally clear that its staff must be American if our Movement is to commend itself to that country. An appointment has just been made, *not with money from the Overseas Fund*, but through the help of a few members and friends of Toc H in the United States. Padre J. DE WOLF HUBBARD has recently been ordained in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America to the Chaplaincy of Toc H Washington. Some of us on this side first met him in 1928, as a member of the small party of American Toc H members who visited a number of our units at home that Summer. 'Jim' Hubbard's primary reason for coming to Europe then was that he was one of the U.S.A. Olympic team: he rowed for America at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam. From Holland he went on to Germany to join the little Anglo-German team of fourteen men which discussed the chances of starting Toc H in Germany during a ten days' walking tour. Jim's recent arrival at British Headquarters as a Toc H Padre was a delightful surprise to us all. He had an exceedingly busy time learning something of the inner working of Toc H in England, and was able to take part in the Staff Conference before returning to take up his tremendous task.

The Overseas Fund

The proceedings of the Central Council on May 21, reported in the June JOURNAL, should have made clear the way in which the Overseas Fund is being built up and how it is to be applied. As, however, members in some places seem still doubtful as to what, if anything, was decided and is being done, it may be worth while to set down the essential points again.

The resolution, moved by Tubby and carried by the Council, said:—

"That this Council . . . urges the Executive to endeavour to raise from new sources, without making a general public appeal, a fund to be applied in any of the following ways:—

- "(i.) in Subsidies or 'Grants in aid' to 'Areas' of Toc H Overseas to assist them in maintaining whole-time staff approved by the Central Executive or in the direct payment of such staff for a limited time;*

"(ii.) on the Salaries of men employed, or proposed to be employed, on Toc H work overseas, while under training in this country, and on their travelling and other expenses.

"That the Council records its conviction that at least in the case of the larger Areas Overseas, the need cannot adequately be met unless two whole-time men, one a padre and one a layman, are appointed."

The principle that the Overseas Fund is to be raised "*from new sources*" is set in the forefront of the resolution. It has been the consistent policy of Toc H since 1922, when it received its Charter and was given a definite status, to build up, step by step, a framework and a full-time staff which would enable the movement to grow soundly—with all the local initiative possible in the Areas and yet in unity as a world-wide family. The Executive have been determined that the strength of Toc H at its 'home base' must be kept secure, because on that the strength of its expansion round the world must depend. To deplete the staff and the funds at home would not, in the long run, put Toc H Overseas on a firm footing. That is why the Overseas Fund must be raised "*from new sources.*" Already a little money has thus been raised, enough, as shown above, to make certain "Grants in aid" to help India and Southern Africa. More will continually be needed.

The Sources of Supply

The "new sources" may be various. The Council's resolution says that they are to be found "without making a further public appeal."* In other words, Toc H is thrown back mainly on self-reliance. Tubby gave a lead in direct personal sacrifice at the Council meeting itself by handing over £150, a tenth of his private capital (see July JOURNAL, "Freely Give," p. 263). In this he is not alone—as the inner history of Toc H since the first days can bear witness. Here, for instance is a very fine letter recently received at Headquarters:—

DEAR MONIE,

I have just received my July JOURNAL and I have just started to read it—and the first thing was "Freely Give." I enclose a cheque for fifteen pounds, which please accept for Toc H Overseas. It represents the whole of my savings for over five years, and I had already made arrangements to invest it this week—so I just saw that in the nick of time, as I feel sure it will bring in more "interest" to Toc H than it would in cash to me. I am sorry it is not more—it is just a tenth of Tubby's magnificent gift.

Yours sincerely,

* * *

Instances of corporate giving to the Fund might also be given. For example, as Tubby was leaving the Southern Area Festival at Windsor (see August JOURNAL, p. 293) a 'secret' envelope, not to be opened until he had left, was put into his hand. It was found to contain £21 3s. 10d., subscribed towards overseas work by the members in one of the Districts in that Area. *The District also notified him that it would pay its "Area quota" in full by October.*

The preceding sentence has been printed in italics because—for the average individual member, his unit, his District and his Area—this is the main key to the position. This

* These words, the result of an amendment at the meeting, were accidentally omitted in the Council report in June JOURNAL, but given in July JOURNAL, p. 266.

was expressly recognised by the Central Council, for the final paragraph of its resolution on May 21 ran as follows:—

"That the Council further pledges itself to complete the financial self-reliance in the Areas at home, to the end that the surplus resources of Headquarters, at present more than absorbed by the needs of those Areas, may be available, in whole or in part, to assist Toc H Overseas."

It is to be noticed that the Central Councillors did not merely express a pious hope that Toc H at home might pay its way and so be able to help its brethren overseas: representatives of the membership all over the country solemnly *pledged* themselves to see this task completed. How far as a whole we are still falling short of this can be judged from "A Note on Finance" (August JOURNAL, p. 312-313).

Most of us will freely admit the melancholy fact that "Area quota" has a chilling sound, but that there is a touch of romance in slipping our secret sixpence into a "Missionary Box" in our Branch room for Toc H Overseas. But the conclusion is inevitable that if Districts and units would *first* contribute their full share of the cost of Toc H at home and also, when they can, give what they can for Overseas, we should both do our job and satisfy our "missionary instincts."

The Financial Year ends on October 31. There is still time!

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ The Rev. JOHN PALMER, Minister of Macclesfield Congregational Church—who became an Hon. Association Padre when he was in Whitehaven—has been appointed Area Padre, West Midlands Area, from about April or May next. Padre F. G. REEVES ("Reevo") will remain in Birmingham as Area Padre until after the Festival there in December.

✠ Hearty congratulations to 'JOLLI' and Mrs. WALKER on a son, born October 29.

✠ A Bazaar organised by the NORTHERN AREA, for the funds of Mark XVIII and the Area, will be held in the Old Assembly Rooms, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on October 5-6. A great deal of work has been put into this by members and many new friends for Toc H have been gained already.

✠ The TOC H DRAMA LEAGUE are producing *If I were King* at Sadlers Wells Theatre on Monday, November 28, in aid of the London Police Court Mission. This is a very ambitious venture, involving a "super cast" of 60 performers and the T.O.T. orchestra.

✠ The METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND ask us to say that "there is evidence of Toc H influence having contributed substantially towards the very successful result of the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON's recent broadcast appeal on

behalf of the Fund. There were several instances of Toc H Branches and Groups organising collections among themselves and very many letters from individual contributors contained references which clearly showed that the writers were members of Toc H." The sum raised, over £1,300, was a record.

✠ Parties from Branches and Groups visiting All Hallows are reminded that they can always be catered for gladly at FORTY-TWO, TRINITY SQUARE, if due notice is given to the Provost, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3. Do not forget the Lunch Club and Canteen and the small Dormitory for temporary guests!

✠ The Service for Young People in the Crypt of ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS at 11.30 a.m. each Sunday is now taken by Padre L. G. APPLETON ("Appy," London Area Padre). It is intended to provide for any between 16 and 25 of both sexes some guidance in the art of public worship and discussion of the intellectual challenges of the Christian religion.

✠ At this time of year, the season of Annual General Meetings, etc., and the promotion of Groups, the changes in names and addresses and of the status of units are especially numerous. The QUARTERLY LIST, revised up to date, will appear as a Supplement to the November JOURNAL.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT, DECEMBER 11-12

THE CHAIN OF LIGHT is a simple act intended to bring home to Toc H members all round the world their essential unity with one another in the growing family. The idea was first conceived by Toc H Australia in 1929; they gained the co-operation of their fellow-members in all countries and started the Chain at their Federal Birthday Festival at Perth, Western Australia, in May of that year. The ceremony was repeated in 1930, when the Lamp was lit by Tubby in the Upper Room at Poperinghe on December 5. Last year it started from St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, on the occasion of the Transvaal Birthday on November 2. And now the Federal Council of Toc H Australia has expressed a desire that the ceremony shall be repeated this year—again, if possible, from the Old House at Poperinghe, the true cradle of our movement. The Central Executive at home has discussed the matter and now invite those Branches and Groups which wish to co-operate to note the following arrangements:—

1. On Sunday, December 11 (the anniversary of the birth of Toc H in Poperinghe seventeen years ago) at 9 p.m., the Lamp will be lit in the Upper Room of Talbot House, Poperinghe, by Tubby. From this historic starting-point the Light will travel westwards, thus:—
2. On Sunday, December 11, at 9 p.m. (*by their own time*) all units in Belgium, France and England and West of Greenwich meridian (i.e., in Scotland, Wales, Ireland, West Africa, West Indies, Canada, U.S.A., South America) are invited to hold the Ceremony of Light.
3. On Monday, December 12, at 9 p.m. (*by their own time*) all units East of Greenwich meridian (i.e., in New Zealand, Australia, Malay Straits, India, East and South Africa, Rhodesia, Egypt, Malta, Italy, Germany) are invited to do the same.
4. At the same hour on Monday the Ceremony of Light will be held in the Upper Room of Talbot House as the last link in the Chain of Light which will by then have encircled the globe.

All Branches and Groups are asked to decide whether they shall co-operate or not. Individual members out of reach of any unit at the time may also like to keep the silence and to have the whole Family in remembrance at the same hour.

Correspondents of units having "links" with units in other parts of the world may care to send by post an expression of their wishes, which could be read to the members assembled when the Light is "handed on as a gesture of remembrance and love."

The significance of this simple symbolic act is plain, but a word or two about it may be welcomed by those units and members who have not taken part in it before. The lighting of the Lamp or Rushlight, with its two-fold meaning of remembrance and self-dedication, which we hope custom will never stale or obscure, is in itself a sign of unity among us: it is the one unchanging small ritual which is common to all parts of the family, in whatever country or language or circumstance. And actually—too seldom remembered by most of us at the time of Lamp-lighting—the chain of light and love is forged every night in the year, as one little gathering after another, meeting at different hours according to the setting of the sun at different points upon the moving globe, kindles its tiny flame. If one can imagine oneself poised in space above the rolling earth for twenty-four hours and watching with eyesight keener than any eagle, one would see point after point of light spring up for a minute and die away, from East to West, as Toc H units held their ceremony of "Light." During one twenty-four hours in the year, therefore, we propose to exercise our imaginations in this way, to light our own Lamp or Rushlight with the conviction that it is an indispensable link in a world chain of lights, to feel that we are passing it on—with a heartfelt brotherly greeting—to the next unit waiting to receive it. At home, in our overcrowded islands, we are continually in close touch and feel, perhaps, less need to signify our unity with one another,

but in many places beyond the seas members are separated by hundreds of miles and scarcely, if ever, see each other face to face. To them especially such a token that others think of them at a given time means much. Let us not fail them in this.

No doubt, as in 1930, a party of members will travel together to Poperinghe to light the Lamp. The simple act performed there two years ago will never be forgotten by those who took part in it. It is suggested that such members of the party as can stay in Poperinghe until Monday night, December 12, shall see to it that the Lamp burns throughout the twenty-four hours of the Chain's progress, watching in turns beside it and especially having in mind each successive part of the Toc H family which is lighting its Lamps at the hour of their own vigil. Thus shall the whole family be upheld in prayer and thanksgiving.

TOC H AND L.W.H.

IN December, 1931, a memorandum was published as a supplement to the JOURNAL, setting out the history of the relations between Toc H and its League of Women Helpers since the beginning, together with three alternative solutions to the questions which had been raised in the previous year. These were discussed by the Central Council of Toc H last April, when the Second Proposition, as follows, became the decision of the Council:

"That the Central Council of Toc H are of opinion that the present relationships of Toc H and the Toc H L.W.H., should be maintained, that Article 3 of the L.W.H. Constitution should not be altered, but that greater effort should be made to seek the best ways of securing more fruitful co-operation between the two societies."

One means of co-operation was already provided by the "Joint Advisory Committee," a body which could be appointed annually and consisted of three Toc H and three L.W.H. members appointed by their respective Central Executives. Since the Central Council meeting this Committee has been meeting "to seek the best ways of securing more fruitful co-operation." In future this Committee is to be called the *Central Joint Advisory Committee*; it is to "meet quarterly, or more often as may be required, for the purpose of reviewing the development of Toc H and the L.W.H., and considering any other matters concerning the two bodies and reporting thereon to their respective Central Executives."

A central body must deal with general policy rather than its local application. The Central Executive have accordingly accepted the recommendation "that Area Executives be asked for their opinion as to the desirability of appointing, and told that they are authorised, if they think fit, to appoint *Area Joint Advisory Committees*, consisting of three members from each Area Executive, with power to add not more than one additional member from Toc H and L.W.H. respectively; such committees to meet at least twice a year."

Any Joint Advisory Committees, which are appointed in the Areas, will act only through and with the approval of their Area Executives, and they will be invited: "(a) To consider matters which may arise between the two bodies in the Area, questions of joint policy in the Area, and questions relating to more effective co-operation in the Area. (b) To propose for appointment Toc H and L.W.H. District Liaison Officers in such Districts as may be considered suitable for such development. (c) To prepare lists of Toc H speakers approved as speakers for L.W.H. meetings, and to suggest, where possible, suitable L.W.H. speakers for Toc H meetings."

These sentences are the "dry bones." If and when the six or eight men and women in an Area come together at their meetings, every effort will be made to carry out in some practical ways the wishes expressed by a majority of the Central Councillors.

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVALS

AFTER the Festival in London at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere in the summer of 1931, the Central Executive decided that the next "General" Festival should be held in December, 1933. This year the Eastern and Southern Areas have held Summer Festivals at Cambridge and Windsor. Other Areas have made their plans for various gatherings, as shown in the list below, but one Festival calls for this special notice.

The Lighting of the Lamps

The Birthday Festival of the West Midlands Area at Birmingham was long ago selected to be the scene of the Lamp Lighting this year. So, with the full co-operation of the Area Executive, the Festival Committee appointed by the Central Executive has arranged the following programme:—

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3.—At Bournville the *Thanksgiving Service* will be held at 5 p.m., followed by Tea provided by the generous invitation of Messrs. Cadbury Brothers. At the Town Hall, Birmingham, the *Festival Evening* at 7.30 for 8 p.m.: Community Singing will be led by a choir of North Wales members; the Christmas Mime "At the Sign of the Star," will be produced by the Birmingham Toc H Players; H.R.H. the Patron will speak and will light the Lamps of the new Branches.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4.—In the morning: *Communion* in various churches. Toc H Padres will preach at the *Servises* in the Cathedral, St. Martin's, Central Hall and elsewhere. In the afternoon: *The Family at Home* (for members and their friends) at the Palais de Danse, Monument Road.

The available accommodation will necessitate attendance—at any rate at the "Festival Evening"—being limited to: (a) Members of new Branches whose Lamps are being lit; (b) Members from overseas; (c) A limited number of specially invited guests; (d) Members of Toc H and L.W.H. in the West Midlands Area, including, of course, the North Wales Division. (Members in all cases includes Probationers).

Other Festivals

OCTOBER 29/30.—North Western Area at Manchester.

NOVEMBER 19/20.—South Wales Area at Pontypridd.

NOVEMBER 26.—Western Area (Swindon, Bath and Bristol Districts) at Bath.

DECEMBER 9/10.—London Area at St. Paul's Cathedral and Queen's Hall.

DECEMBER 10.—Western Area (Gloucester and Stroud Districts) at Stroud.

DECEMBER 10/11.—Yorkshire Area at Sheffield.

JANUARY 7/8.—South Western Area at Exeter.

Overseas Members

Members from overseas are welcomed at all Festivals held at home. Those who are planning to be in this country next summer are invited to note now that the Southern Area will probably be holding a Festival at Oxford early in July.

1936

This is the year of the "Coming of Age." The Twenty-first Birthday will be observed in 1936 by a special Thanksgiving and Rededication Festival, probably at the time of the Birthday early in December. Be it known unto all! One important and distant part of the Family overseas is rumoured to be saving up for this in keen anticipation.

THE STAFF CONFERENCE

GETTING TOGETHER is more than a habit in Toc H: it is a duty, part of our job. This month, as we put our watches back an hour, we enter the Birthday season—an orgy of family festival in Area, District, Branch and Group: we have switched over from 'Summer-time' which has been the signal for a persistent stream of conferences, rallies, training week-ends, camps and *al fresco* gatherings of all kinds where business is nicely combined with pleasure. A conference of 50 members has been no rare event this last glorious Summer and it would not be possible to report all such in these pages, but we hope that some readers will feel there is an excuse for recording an impression of one in particular—the annual conference of the whole-time staff.

The Staff Conference—like Toc H itself and like **most** good institutions in it—arose by a natural instinct to meet an actual need. As the **staff** began to grow in numbers and to be scattered about the country they found ever fewer chances of getting together or even of knowing each other by sight. In 1925, therefore, mainly at the instigation of Herbert Fleming and Ronnie Grant, eighteen whole-timers, padre and lay, spent a few days of their holiday together at Stratford-on-Avon: this was the First Staff Conference. Its programme of work was pretty full, but the best thing it found was a chance of closer fellowship. The experiment was repeated year after year, at first **strictly** 'unofficially,' but nowadays as a regular and recognised event (at their own expense) in the programme of all full-time servants of Toc H. The work of the Conferences tended to become extremely strenuous, and four full sessions a day, combined with all manner of sub-committees, 'commission' reports and late sittings, began to turn recreation (in its true sense) into a labour. From this growing menace of too much business the Conference of 1932 determined to break away. As one member of it wrote beforehand:—

"Past Conferences have tried—with increasing ill-success as the range widens—to cover the whole field of Toc H activities, organisation and constitutionalism. The result has, I think, been mental indigestion. If we want to do this, then I submit that the time is wholly insufficient, and three weeks would be more like it. But I think in our hearts we want something quite different. I suggest that we really meet—

- (a) To know each other better, and so to feel that we are a team and to be heartened thereby each in his own little sphere of work;
- (b) To see our job big and in true perspective, not to pore over details of organisation;
- (c) To get inspiration from men who have thought . . . "

All these objects were achieved this year, and the result was no series of earth-shaking resolutions but a conference which, by common consent of those present, was "the best yet."

The Seventh Staff Conference met for the inside of a week (August 20-27) at the beautiful conference house of Welwyn Garden City at Digswell Park, Hertfordshire. Fifty members were present: their faces, names and jobs will be found on Plate XXXIII. Barkis was in the chair, as on some previous occasions. The main outlines of the programme were carefully prepared a good while beforehand; sessions were reasonably punctual and discussion seldom tiresome; there was no red-tape but very little casual waste of time. Tennis courts, a cricket pitch and a miniature golf-course at the very doors of the pleasant conference room, kept everyone fresh and happy. An ancient and beautiful little church, immediately behind the house, was at our disposal morning and evening.

A most happy innovation, which everyone present hopes to see repeated, was the Bible-study conducted by Tubby which occupied the first session every morning. Sitting in a

semi-circle round him, in the conference room or in the sunny portico outside, we listened eagerly while he opened St. Mark's Gospel* to us with a wealth of scholarship, insight, humour and true reverence which was the despair of those who tried to take notes. The need for more Bible-reading throughout Toc H was a constantly-recurring subject at the conference, and if everyone could be led to it in the same loving and living spirit as the staff was led by Tubby, the Bible would return to its vital place among us all again. Everyone felt that this first hour set the pace for a whole day of serious concerns approached in the mood of high-hearted happiness.

"Whither Bound?"

Following from the outset its resolve "to see our job big and in true perspective, not to pore over the details of organisation," the Conference tried to clear away some few "departmental matters" before and after supper on the first evening. These included the work of the Overseas Office (*i.e.*, the routine of 42, Trinity Square, not the whole subject of Toc H Overseas, which was bound to crop up in some form at almost every session), the arrangements for Pilgrimages to the Old House in 1933, a report on the present and future supply of Toc H literature. The routine of the Schools Department was also briefly discussed; a few members specially concerned were told to think certain points over together and bring them back to the Conference at a later stage—which they did.

Next morning, therefore, we felt free to go ahead on very wide issues, without any sense of hurry and confusion. The whole day (three sessions) was given to Herbert Leggate (Area Padre, North Western Area) who had "something on his chest." If there were any who, consciously or unconsciously, were hiding their heads in the sand before they came to the Conference, those heads must have been forcibly jerked out by Herbert's vivid realism. It appeared to those who were exhilarated by his leadership of these sessions—"Whither Bound?" was their general title—that a human volcano had begun to erupt, belching forth lava of slang and bright flames of sheer commonsense, which burnt up our prejudices and our cushioned security of mind, forcing us to think or else flee for safety to another and more easy-going society. What, he asked, was happening to Toc H? Was it becoming hide-bound by its tradition, or was it still a free vehicle for the spirit of God? In any case, whither were we bound? It would be impossible to convey the many-sided fascination of his argument and well-nigh impossible to summarize it briefly. From a brief analysis of the very mixed motives which drew the youth of Europe into the War in 1914, he passed on to analyse the reasons which drew its successors, the youth of to-day—a similar "bunch of folk taken at random"—into Toc H. And what do they find when they come in? Do the sportsmen find the adventure for which they are looking? Do the self-righteous get a fresh field for their self-importance? On the whole, he maintained, Toc H is largely failing to attract and hold four types of men—the Sportsman, "whose one ambition is to win a T.T. race," the "Lounge Lizard" of society, the Intellectual, who finds our heartiness a cloak for our lack of thought, and the Labouring Man, who is not understood or made to feel at home in many units. Herbert had done an hour's hard-hitting all round the wicket and scored not a few boundaries. The Conference now adjourned in five groups of ten each to separate corners of the garden to discuss the main points busily among themselves. This method—rather like the old parlour-game of "Clumps"—was much

* A variety of versions was encouraged—Authorised and Revised, the translations in modern speech of Moffat and of Weymouth. The conference read aloud from a very lively and unconventional version, a little shilling book, now out of print—T. W. Pym's *Mark's Account of Jesus* (Heffer & Sons, Cambridge, 1921). This is well worth having.

used throughout the Conference. It enables every man, even the shyest and slowest of speech, to have his say: it helps men's minds to get closer to each other than is possible in a meeting of fifty: it singles out some of the main points and produces some opinion on them. The first part of the following session (after tea that afternoon) was devoted to brief summaries of the groups' "findings," produced by their own chosen reporters.

Herbert's second session was a natural development from his first. If the methods of Toc H are becoming stereotyped, is it because our traditions are getting fossilized already? All great movements tend to kill the thing they were designed to pass on: is this happening to Toc H? We must welcome heretics and be ready to change, not over-anxious about merely keeping our society alive, determined to avoid growing middle-aged. "We must dynamite men from office as soon as they become old-minded: there are young folk among us, born to lead, who ought to be leading and allowed to make their blunders." The speaker then became very fierce about "burglarising people's souls." Are we interested in blokes because we believe in them—or merely because we hope to catch them? What is the place in Toc H of 'Holy Joe,' who likes a bit of fishing and thinks Toc H good waters? The absence of obtrusiveness, said the speaker, was most noticeable in Our Lord's dealings with men. No man had a right to talk personal religion to a man in his family except the right which that man gave him—but he has a right to be on such terms with the man that he *can* give it him. In the discussion which followed we were reminded that when G. K. Chesterton invented the phrase "Toc H means 'To change chaps,'" he added "*ourselves included.*"

Herbert's final session pursued the argument towards its logical goal—the discovery, if possible, of the supreme purpose of Toc H. (a) Is Toc H "a disguised gadget" for levering men into the Churches? If so, we had a false perspective—there was no need to bolster up the Church, or to despair about it. The real questions were: Is Toc H retaining its capacity for friendships? is it really furthering the 'Kingdom of Right Relationships' (which is what the 'Kingdom of Heaven' means)? Are we truly bridging gulfs by behaving as though the gulfs were not there—and so discovering that they *aren't* really there at all? (b) With regard to personal religion—have we got a 'touch of religion,' or a touch of worldliness, for which we apologise in Toc H? In a true Toc H atmosphere we must know each other so well as to be completely natural together: every man must be "full-blooded, four-square, and no apology." (c) With regard to organised religion—is Toc H just another 'worshipping cult'? "There is a real danger of so inoculating men with slight doses of religion that they can't get a bad dose." Is it true, in the relations between Anglicans and Free Churchmen in Toc H, that we have just got far enough to recognise each other's place in things, but not far enough to want to understand each other's point of view? A good deal was then said about "Toc H Corporate Communions" in relation to a member's duty to communicate in his own church, and about the doubtful value of "Toc H Chapels" (other than in Marks) as compared with the habit of prayers "round the hearthstone" in a Toc H room. If Herbert felt that he had been skating on thin ice, he underrated the feelings of the staff on these matters already: the group discussions showed a surprising unity among us all.

Service

After Tubby's Bible-reading on Wednesday morning, the Conference settled down to its second large concern which was to occupy two sessions. Arthur Lodge (Area Secretary, North Western Area) introduced the subject of "Service." He struck at the root of the

matter at the outset by saying that *sin* was the enemy of service—sin which estranges a man from God and from other men, and which therefore prevents him from understanding—and so from serving—them except in an outward way: his inner motive may be the very opposite of true service, nothing but self-pleasing or obedience to convention. Sin, thus understood, said the speaker, may be the constant clamouring in a man of his own imagined needs, and this clamouring makes him deaf to the needs of others. It is the clamouring that is 'sin': 'sins' are but the occasions when it makes itself outwardly evident. Under these conditions true service is impossible: material benefits may be conferred but nothing more. The test of right service is that it begets in the person served the desire to do something of the same sort. The mere conferring of gifts will not produce this result: it must be a gift, *plus* something else—not a religious tract but the right motive of real sympathy.

Emerging from such deep waters the Conference discussed various questions relating to Toc H service, in the light of what they had just heard. They set themselves to find some answer to questions which Arthur Lodge had asked. Their conclusions, if not new, were useful. (a) *Why service in Toc H?* The aim of a unit and its jobmaster should not merely be to keep members tolerably busy on diffuse 'good works' here and there. They should always preserve a mental picture of their own town as a place where the Sermon on the Mount was meant to be operative. Where there was no vision of this kind, many men could not find in Toc H openings of service significant enough to hold them and went disillusioned away. (b) *How ought the appeal to service to be made?* More than a general 'humanitarian' appeal should be made to those who wanted to serve: they must be given a vivid insight into the lives of those who needed their service. A Branch well mixed in its types of men could produce just that inner compulsion to service which had been largely lacking since the War. (c) *What training for service should Toc H provide?* Toc H, it was felt, should not itself attempt to train men for expert social service when there were such bodies as the N.A.B.C., the Scouts and the N.C.S.S., which do supply training. Up to a point, Toc H should, however, itself undertake the education of its members for social service, for example, in a big town, by a series of 'Training Evenings' (as recently in the London Area); in a smaller centre a series of talks on local opportunities—"bringing the expert to the group" rather more systematically than is usually the case; jobmasters who know where to place recruits, what books they should read and to whom they should be sent for training; the encouragement of team-work by splitting units into teams for different jobs. (d) *What sort of jobs ought we to be doing?* First of all, whatever the job, it should not be labelled Toc H—there ought to be nothing named the "Blogsby Toc H Boys' Club." As a matter of general principle, a job is good in proportion to its capacity to create wider and deeper relationships.

This naturally led discussion to the difficult subject of *money-raising jobs*, which has exercised the minds not only of the staff but of many members in many places. Is the raising of money, in any case, a suitable corporate job for Toc H? Leaving aside the use of raffles and games of chance—which found no champions—ought the method of 'bribing' people to give money by offering them dances and whist-drives (in themselves not wrong things) to be used by Toc H? How should Toc H raise money for itself—and for other causes? Instances were cited of Toc H members becoming a regular menace to their fellow-townsmen by constant money-raising; instances were also given of dances and so on, run by Toc H, which had definitely aroused interest in Toc H and the things it stood for among new circles of people; instances were given of units raising money by a sheer appeal to people's sympathy and generosity for some urgent job which members were undertaking. Opinion was so various on this question that a small

'committee' of its number was then and there appointed by the Conference to pursue the matter further. This they did into the early hours of one morning (the only serious instance of midnight oil this year) and produced a reasoned statement, unanimously agreed, on the subject. This statement is in the hands of all members of Area Staffs and will no doubt help to give guidance when questions of this kind arise, as they constantly do.

Finally, the discussion was focussed for a short time on two 'hard cases' (in different ways)—the married man in Toc H and the man who won't do a job. With so many married men present, it was naturally felt that the class deserved sympathy. Need his wife have cause to complain, in his frequent absences from home that she was left 'a Toc H widow'? Surely there was a job they both—and they only—could do together, the happy job of opening their homes to young members and others far from home. As for the second class, the shirker, he should not (the Conference felt) be coerced or kicked out. He should be regarded as a sleeping partner, whose awakening should be patiently looked for. A Branch could carry a limited number of such sleepers. In other words, "the dud member," a hardy perennial of discussion at many conferences in the past, failed signally this time to "make our flesh creep"!

The Staff's use of its time

The next day was one of extraordinary interest and value to members of the whole-time staff, but its sessions dealt, so to speak, with the staff's more domestic matters with which we will not much burden our fellow-members. How could the staff use its time best in the building of Toc H? How could it maintain the freshness of mind needed for its task? These questions were left in the hands of a small 'team' consisting of Owen Watkins (Hon. Joint Administrative Padre), Ronald Wraith (Eastern Area Secretary), and G. K. Tattersall (Assistant School Secretary). Their three contributions were all outstanding. Owen talked simply and very impressively out of his long and rich experience of administrative work as an Army Chaplain and Deputy Chaplain-General to the Forces. The cardinal fact which emerged from his talk was that he himself had always been willing to be used, not according to his own choice but in God's way. This must be the principle on which the staff serves Toc H. And for this purpose Owen held it to be our duty to keep ourselves fit for our job. One essential, for instance, was reading—we should take time off in order to read seriously.

Owen thus led up to the theme which the other two members of his 'team' were to develop. Ronny Wraith's admirable paper was headed *Our Job, as a younger member of the staff sees it*. Instead of attempting a *précis*, let us reproduce the summary which had been circulated to us all beforehand. It ran thus:—

The job may be irregular: it need not be chaotic.

The job is apt to run away with itself—over-full diary—continual sense of rush—no quiet.

We are harnessing a vital spirit.

Take time to be quiet, both individually and together as an Area staff. Keep up-to-date with modern thought.

Too much time spent on existing membership. Give time to breaking new ground.

Our relation to schools and other movements (co-operation with Rotary, C.E.M.S., Youth Conferences, Brotherhoods, etc.).

Too much satisfaction in building—danger of counting heads.

Tattersall was to develop part of this theme further, to emphasize the dangers—they are more actual than our fellow-members sometimes realize—of the staff being "too tired to love, too strained to listen, too busy to think; loving too widely to love deeply, building

too much to build strongly, too occupied with details to remember the whole." What he did was to read aloud a paper, most carefully prepared and written, full of sly hits (aimed mainly at himself), which charmed and exhilarated his audience. Rather than mutilate it here, we shall seek early opportunity of presenting it to readers in the pages of the JOURNAL. Owen's team had occupied the morning to such purpose that the staff broke up for lunch in the joyful mood of men drunken, but not with wine!

At a later session the subject of reading was considered in more detail. Cusack Walton (Hon. General Secretary) led a short discussion on Bible-reading, and it was felt that, given the kind of guidance which we had had from Tubby at the Conference, this would become established in the life of Toc H. In the matter of general reading, Tattersall offered to act as a 'clearing house' for books, *i.e.*, to collect recommendations from members of the staff of books they had read and found good and to pass them on. We fervently hope that members will not at once jump to the conclusion that the staff is already a walking encyclopedia of universal knowledge!

Work Overseas

Good fortune had made it possible for three overseas members to attend the Conference just before sailing to their distant homes and jobs: Albert Holmes (Padre, Toronto), Jim Hubbard (Padre, Washington), and Ben Malyon (New Zealand Schools Department, Wellington). The first two, when invited to give short talks, opened our eyes to problems of which we had thought far too little, to a task which made our own at home seem suddenly small, to possibilities of almost terrifying magnitude. It is safe to say that no hour of the Conference was more moving, more humbling or more heartening than this. And this high mood was felt again, at a later time, when Ronnie Grant (Southern Area Secretary) told us, first-hand, of the immense burden of responsibility which our members share, with all white men, in the present and future of South Africa.

Toc H and the Seafarer

Not only work overseas, but work with the man and boy whose life was spent upon the sea, claimed special time and thought. Half a dozen members of the staff specially concerned with seamen had already met by themselves on the lawn before they presented the subject to the whole Conference. First of all, Robert Radcliffe (Warden, Toc H Club for Sea-faring Boys, Southampton) told us of the unique experiment of which he is now in charge. He reminded us of the hard and uncertain conditions of the seagoing boys' life and of the place which a real home like our Club could play in his time ashore. The ideals of sympathy and discipline which Radcliffe pictured with an admirable clearness, greatly impressed the Conference. On the general question of Toc H dealings with the seafarer, especially the boys, at any port, co-operation with our old friends, the Missions to Seamen, was stressed: we now have 'Bill' Evans (Padre of the Southern Area, late of the Missions to Seamen, Dunkirk) as our liaison officer. It was urged that all Areas should help the Overseas Office in the compilation of a nominal roll of all members and probationers serving at sea (other than in the Royal Navy, which already has its Fleet Secretaries and Correspondents).

The Oxford Group Movement

In response to a desire expressed by a number of the staff, an evening was given to the Oxford Group Movement, about which many members of Toc H have heard a good deal lately. Some of them—like some of the staff—have been perplexed about it

and not a little anxious as to its proper connection with Toc H; others are enthusiastic supporters of its method. The Conference members, whether prejudiced in favour or against the Oxford Group or ignorant of its meaning, tried to approach the subject with fair-thinking. Two members of the staff, one a padre and one a layman, convinced adherents of the Movement, helped greatly to explain its aims and methods.

* * * *

Such is a fragmentary impression of a wonderful week of fellowship in work and play. We must not try to picture the sudden tennis challenge which interrupted a session and which produced a victory for Yorkshire over Canada; nor of the Padres *v.* Laymen Cricket Match (rules: batsmen to retire on making 20 runs, every player to bowl at least two overs) in which one bowler repeatedly sent down full-pitches over the batsman's head, and Tubby took the field with a bat and a tennis racket in one hand and trundling a cricket ball with a golf club in the other. Result: Padres 92; Laymen 89; everyone satisfied. Nor can—or need—we picture the quiet walks and talks, the Communion services on sunny mornings or joyful evening prayer in the little church before supper. All these things increased and helped to manifest the love and unity which shone clearly through our few days together. The fruits of the Conference, maybe, will be manifold in new ideas and better work on the part of the staff. Let two from among the prayers gathered at the Conference—too late for inclusion in the new *Treasury* (see page 329)—be its immediate gift to all:—

O THOU most glorious Lamb of God, most tender priest of man, Who feedest Thine own with the Bread that cometh down from heaven; in Whose hands is a Cup, and the wine is red—We pray Thee with this food and drink so to satisfy our hunger that we hunger yet more, and our thirst that it never be quenched, but in Thee, Who livest and reignest . . .

(Eric Milner White).

DEAR MASTER, in whose life I see
All that I long, yet fail, to be,
Let Thy warm light within me shine
To guide and cheer this will of mine.
Since all I think, and all I do,
In my poor days are always Two,
Help me, oppressed by things undone,
O Thou, Whose dreams and deeds are one.

(Anon., altered by P. B. C.).

GENERAL BRANCHES AND THE CENTRAL COUNCIL

THE elections by Branches and Groups of Councillors to serve on the Central Council of Toc H, 1932-1934, are now being held. Under the rules approved by the Central Council in 1930 (see pages 99-100 of the JOURNAL for March of that year) one Councillor is to be elected by General Members, other than those who are members of Groups. The Central Executive decided by drawing lots that their candidate should on this occasion be nominated by the Western Area. At their quarterly meeting held in June (in the Barclay J. Baron Memorial Room in Mark IX, Bristol), the Western Area Executive chose to nominate Barclay Baron, Editorial Secretary at Headquarters. It is open to any general member (any member who belongs neither to a Branch nor to a Group) to propose another candidate. If twenty-five such members resident in Great Britain or in Ireland agree in proposing another candidate and if their proposals are received at Headquarters within 15 days from the date on which this Journal is despatched to members, a poll of general members will be held in accordance with the rules. If no other candidate is proposed, or if no candidate is proposed by as many as 25 members, "Barkis" will be declared to be a Councillor.

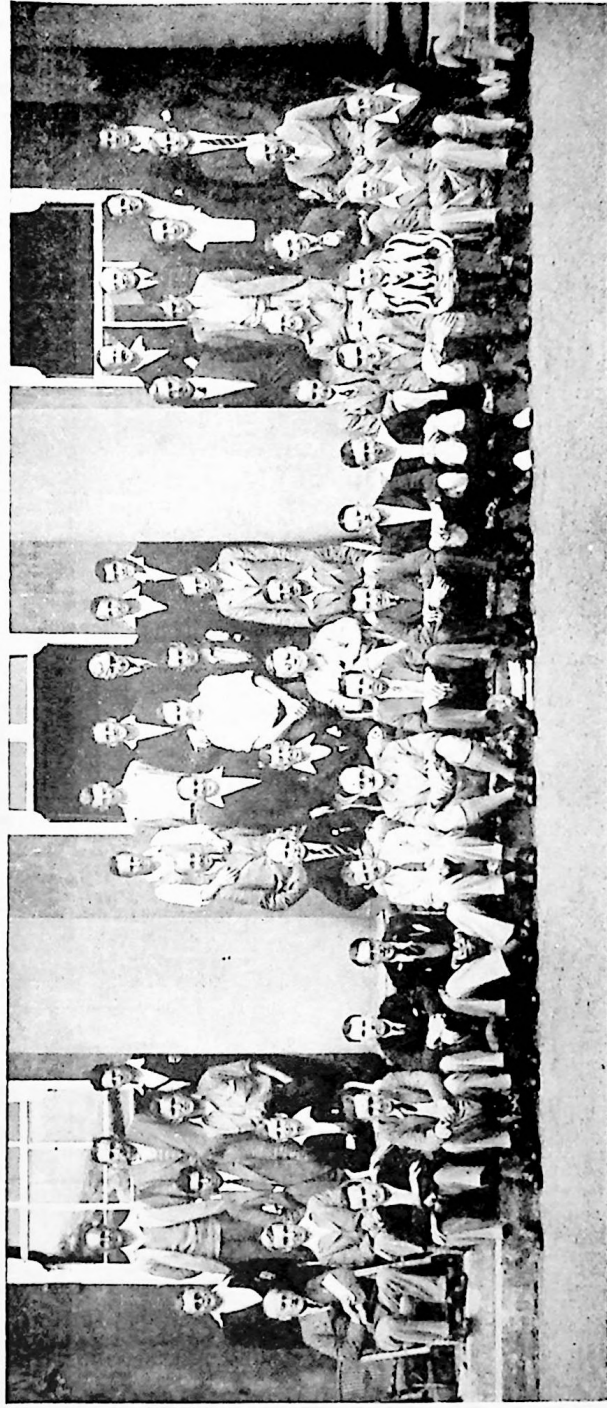


Photo: Mayo, Welsyn.

BACK ROW: Hubert Secretan, (Hon. Sec., Schools Section), Hugh Sawbridge, "Sawbones," (Western Area Padre); G. K. Tattersall, "Tatt," (Asst. Sec., Schools Section); Alan Colthurst, (Yorkshire Area Padre); Colin Stevenson, (North-Western Area Asst. Sec.); Alec Churcher, (London Secretary); Jolliffe Walker, "Jollie," (London Area Pilot); Garner Preston, (South Eastern Area Sec.); Leslie Wood, (Asst. Editorial Sec.); Geoffrey Foster, (West Midlands Area Sec.); Harry Ellison, (Chief Hony. Overseas Commissioner); Monty Callis, (Yorks. Area Pilot and Sec.); Michael Westropp, (North Western Area Asst. Sec.)

THIRD ROW: David Wallace, (London Area Padre); Michael Coleman, (North-Western Area Padre); John Mallet, (E. Mids. & Lincs. Area Pilot); G. W. Evans, "Bill," (Southern Area Padre); Gilbert Williams, (South-Eastern Area Padre); Geoffrey Martin, (Asst. London Sec.); Alan Cowling, (E. Mids & Lincs. Area Sec.); Arthur Lodge, (North-Western Area Sec.); Cusack Walton, (Hon. General Secretary); Ronald Wraith, (Eastern Area Sec.); Sam Davis, (Northern Area Padre); Michael Underhill, (Tubby's A.D.C., All Hallows).

SECOND ROW: Paul Slessor, (Sec., Overseas Office); A. S. Greenacre, "Greeno," (South Wales & Western Area Sec.); "Steve" Lambert, (West Midlands Area Sec.); Owen Watkins, (Hon. Joint Administrative Padre); "Pat" Leonard, (Administrative Padre); "Tubby," (Founder Padre); Barclay Baron, "Barkis," (Editorial Sec.); Percy Sands, (E. Mids. & Lincs. Area Padre); "Les" Wheatley, (Yorks. Area Asst. Sec.); Herbert Leggate, (North-Western Area Padre); Percy Ketnor, (Northern Area Sec.);

FRONT ROW: "Jim" Hubbard, (Padre Washington, U.S.A.); R. C. Thompson, (London Area Padre); H. E. Baldwin, "Bill," (Eastern Area Padre); Colin Marr, (Eastern Area Padre); F. G. Reeves, "Reevo," (West Midlands Area Padre); Rex Calkin, (General Secretary); Robert Radcliffe, (Warden, Talbot House Sea-faring Boys' Club, Southampton); Albert Holmes, (Provincial Padre, Toronto); Robert Sawers, (Scottish Area Sec.); Ben Malyon, (Wellington, N.Z.); Reg. Stalon, (Yorkshire Area Pilot); R. G. Heawood, (West Midlands Area Padre); Norman Knock, (South Western Area Padre); John Lewis, (London Area Padre).

ABSENT: P. W. Monie (Hon. Administrator); W. J. Musters (Registrar); R. C. Grant, "Grantibus," absent at moment of the photograph (Southern Area Secretary); I. G. Appleton (London Area Padre).



TOC H CAMPS FOR UNEMPLOYED BOYS, SUMMER, 1932. (see page 363).

1. Cardiff District—a tent; 2. Mid-Glamorgan District—a camp service; 3. Cardiff District—"Grub!"; 4. Monmouth District—the team; 5. Cardiff District—the Camp; 6. Neath District—a tent; 7. "The Kitten" of Abertillery.

UNEMPLOYED LADS IN CAMP AND CLUB

FOR several years Toc H in the Northern Area has carried on a consistent piece of corporate work which deserves the notice of their fellow members. Its origin goes back to the Spring of 1929, when the National Council of Social Service, which was administering the Lord Mayor's Coalfields Distress Fund, approached our Headquarters with the suggestion that Toc H should undertake the whole running of what seemed to them a constructive plan to help young unemployed miners. Boots and clothes and doles of various kinds were essential for the distressed areas and were being provided already (Toc H in South Wales, for instance, was actively helping in their collection and distribution) but this plan was to attack the problem from another angle. Camps were to be formed in the coalfield counties in which unemployed lads were to be received in relays for a fortnight at a time. Regular food and exercise and the corporate work and play of camp were expected to benefit them not only in body but in spirit; these things—to use two hackneyed French expressions for which we seem to have no handy equivalent—would build up their *morale* and develop a new *esprit de corps* among them. These results were, in fact, achieved in a remarkable degree.

Toc H in the Northern Area entered on the task with enthusiasm. They found two suitable sites, at Seaton Carew in Durham and at Embleton in Northumberland, and got to work. That Summer, 1,200 were in camp, in fortnightly batches of 200, under the charge of a Toc H staff. Municipal authorities, the Secretary of the Durham Miners' Association, and others, saw and backed the job (see JOURNAL, October, 1929, p. 331).

In 1930 a camp was again run at Seaton Carew, with the support of the Coalfields Distress Fund, and the backing of West Hartlepool Corporation and other allies. The Prince of Wales, not only as Patron of Toc H, but because of his continual interest in all efforts to help the unemployed, visited the camp on its red-letter day (see JOURNAL October, 1930, p. 359).

In 1931 a new factor came into play in the same direction. In September, 1930, Mr. Stanley Baldwin announced, in a letter to the *Times*, that Mr. Edward S. Harkness, of New York, wished to signify his admiration for Great Britain's sacrifices in the War by giving a very large sum of money for 'charitable' purposes in this country: this became known as "The Pilgrim Trust." Since then grants have been given by the trustees for national purposes like, for instance, the urgent repairs to Lincoln Cathedral, but their first concern was "emergency and relief work" in this time of crisis. "The policy of the Trustees" (says their first annual report) "has been to select for support what seemed to them to be key positions in the vast field of need, positions of real strategic importance, where any expenditure is assured of abundant results." One of these "strategic positions" they judged to be the youngsters in the distressed coalfields, and, through the National Association of Boys' Clubs and the Miners' Welfare Fund, they supported club work in South Wales and in the North. In County Durham they selected three centres—Consett, Bishop Auckland and Durham—and opened a club at the first named on March 30; a fourth—Chester-le-Street—followed during the Summer. These clubs were put in charge of Toc H by the Trustees, and the item under "Pilgrim Trust" in the Balance Sheet of Toc H Incorporated last year refers to this work. In the Summer months camps were again run by Toc H, this time in no less than eighteen centres, with the help of the Pilgrim Trust's money. Each District of Toc H in South Wales undertook one such camp, as will be seen from the *Welsh Dispatch* (see page 363 and Plate XXXIV). A camp was run for the four clubs in County Durham.

The camp of a hundred boys from the Durham County Boys' Clubs (as the organisation is now called), under the presidency of Major A. A. Macfarlane Grieve, was a great success. The ever-growing team-spirit which was visible received a valuable stimulus from the camp trophy, the Starmer Cup, given by Sir Charles Starmer. Points were awarded for the teams' placings in the sports, for cricket, other team games, for physical training and for kit inspection (the most keenly contested event of all!) and further points were given by an independent observer for evidence of the 'Club spirit.' As this last item was a mystery competition and no one knew about it until the end of camp, the normal club spirit was able to manifest itself. Consett were the winners of the trophy for the first year.

The camp site was comparatively isolated, though but ten minutes' walk from Seaham and a 5d. bus ride from Sunderland. A pretty little "dene" ran down to the sea which was 100 yards away. Each morning began with the 'daily dozen,' followed by family prayers before breakfast: family prayers ended each day. This camp has laid the foundation of a sound tradition, and the camp motto "Play the game in deeds, not words," was upheld by everyone, from President to youngest lad.

YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS AND CLUBS CAMP

"**B**LUE! White! Yellow! Red! Aspro! Toc H! Wah!" Such was the greeting shouted at the Mayor of Bridlington, and again at the members of the Hull Round Table, when they came to visit the camp at Danes Dyke, Flamborough, where boys of 17 to 20, from Boys' Clubs in Hull and Sheffield and from some of the schools of Yorkshire, had been gathered together for the first week of August. The original idea was to run a camp on the same lines as the Duke of York's Camp, to split up gangs as far as possible, put school and club boys together, run all things in sections, and to sow and cultivate a team spirit. It was hoped to have three or four boys from each of the public schools of Yorkshire, so achieving a mixture of half school and half club boys. This year the school boys were in a large minority, but the Yorkshire and North Western Areas will join forces earlier next year, to assure even greater success.

Most of the boys come in their best clothes prepared for a holiday and resolved not to work. Bristles were well up; they were determined to obey no rules, so it took some time to finish the work. The club boys objected to being divided among sections and to have to sleep with the schoolboys as they had been unable to afford pyjamas, but they soon found that with or without pyjamas they were all much the same, and soon co-operated enthusiastically in preparing the tent for kit inspection and in the section's games. After two days of tactful persuasion and quiet reproof, the whole atmosphere of camp changed, and volunteers were never lacking. The boys were a little shy of the official Camp Padre, but as he was also a section leader they fought with and against him at games and having put him into a refuse box decided he was a good fellow and forgot his dog-collar. Within a day or so all the boys were beginning to get the spirit of the camp and the attraction of Bridlington, two and a half miles away, soon faded.

All who were associated with the camp were convinced that the experiment was thoroughly sound and that early in the school year a determined effort should be made to win the wholehearted co-operation of the schools. Given an even mixture of boys from schools and clubs, under sane direction, camps of this nature are unquestionably worth while, and may later affect the whole life of Toc H.

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

Canada

By chance, three great minds at different times and in different places have hit upon the same name for a work of literary importance. Two of these publications have been reviewed here: first, the *Northern Light* of Scotland, which came into being in January, 1931, and underwent structural alterations a year later, and, secondly, the *Northern Light*, or the Ontario Newsletter, which began as a four-sheeted cyclostyled affair in December, 1931, assuming the adolescence of real print by its fifth issue. The third work under this title must be mentioned as there is a certain similarity in spirit between authors of the Canadian *Northern Light* and of *Northern Lights*, a history of the Stevenson clan which for several generations had laboured in the erection of lighthouses round the coasts of Scotland. Robert Louis Stevenson, the most distinguished son of the clan, began the history in his last years at Samoa, his self-chosen battlefield against the ravages of consumption. Tragically, it was never completed, but the thought of R. L. S. writing with immense effort with his own hand or by the hand of his devoted amanuensis, between bouts of illness, in the lull of storms, and in the truces between political factions, among which he worked hard from neighbourly love, is inspiring. He had all the temptations and all the excuses for giving up his work and drifting peacefully away, but he himself was his own taskmaster, so the struggle continued with joyalty of mind and great courage. When the crisis came the manuscript was incomplete but the volume of a fine life was closed. This is not idle reminiscence, because we feel that R. L. S. would have been mightily attracted by this courageous Overseas *Northern Light*. As nearly as a periodical can do, it is living from hand to mouth, but it is vigorous, young in outlook, and although nominally a provincial newsletter, it reaches out to all Canada, providing a platform for all types of opinion, and recording as far as possible all activities; in fact, attempting to set Toc H above provinces, binding Canada into one family. Every month provides a financial crisis, its future rests on faith, yet it goes gaily on, and in the face of its most urgent appeal, the editor has changed its name, to avoid confusion with its Scotch contemporary, to the *Midnight Sun*, with absolute confidence in its long career.

Like roses in December is an unconventional Convention. Such a feat, however, has been achieved by the Province of Alberta at its third lakeside Convention at Sylvan Lake in June. Thoreau lived his simple life at Walden for the sake of a social experiment, but the delegates at Sylvan Lake accepted humbly the conditions without question. They had no standard of existence to assess, but voluntarily brought themselves close to the heart of things to assimilate wisdom and to know their fellow men better. At the water's edge they ate, slept, and made their communion. It is early Sunday morning. A few feet from the quiet wavelets stands the altar, its candles are Rushlights, banners form its curtains. There is a slight haze on the lake, the far wooded shore lies like smoke on the horizon, the sun is slowly gathering strength, flames quiver, the banners ruffle in the breeze, the moving waters sing a quiet tune. It is "quiet as Carmel where the lilies live," and there in the serenity of loveliness, the Maker and the Master is once more offered for man.

A certain unit which, to spare its blushes, shall be nameless, boasts of its make-up, which is eighteen members and twelve probationers, and lurking among the membership are four padres—one R.C., one Presbyterian, and two Anglican—and then one Salvation Army Captain.

Southern Africa

AFRICA and England have indeed one thing in common—and that is that there is depression in everything but Toc H. Many men, and many units, have found it hard indeed to disown discouragement. With South Africa finding the going heavier every month, men and women in the Family are being tested as never before, “but,” said Gaika (Padre Kinsey), “never have the opportunities been so tremendous.” Is it not an often discovered truth that the greater the challenge the finer the response? Here are some indications to the way South Africa has faced the issue. Three times a year the Transvaal Executive has met until the last meeting, at Johannesburg. In May this year the meeting was thrown open to the Family, the place of conference moved to Pretoria, and a whole week-end given over to it. The numbers that arrived were exceptionally large. *Johannesburg* reported its six units and L.W.H. present and correct, and *Boksburg*, *Brakpan*, *Witbank*, and *Zeerust*—this last began groping in February this year and sent two men the 200 miles to Pretoria—had representatives. Torrential rain and hail damped no one’s spirit, so all went merrily. At that conference the Transvaal Executive were able to announce that owing to the individual efforts of members of the province all liabilities to Headquarters, London, had been completely discharged, as well as the major portion of the necessary amount raised for the installation of wireless sets in a hospital. To break financial shackles at such a time is surely a magnificent effort. Gaika summed up the situation very happily in a tiny war-story that bears repetition. The end of the war was in sight, and a Cockney soldier had almost seen it through. But a day came on which he was badly hit, and as he was carried back his face lit up, and he said, “Well, anyway, it took a thousand bullets to put me out.”

Rhodesia is fighting its problems bravely. Further retrenchments at Nkana will, as at Mufulira, mean the closing down of the Group there, but *Broken Hill* Branch is forging ahead gallantly with its Everyman’s Club, the chief purpose of which is to provide a counter attraction to the bar for those newly suffering from enforced leisure. The club charges its clients no entrance fee and provides all the indoor games as well as a steadily expanding library. And the Branch proudly boasts its finances are sound.

Thanks be that youth is now both seen and heard. In the East Rand a large body of young persons—in the meaning of the Act—came together to an interdenominational conference on the relationship of youth and religion. How they talked! A gloriously sunny March Saturday afternoon could not stop these representatives from Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Toc H, Servers’ Guild, Sunday School workers, and Young People’s Societies; not even the civic reception, but only time cut short their deliberations. This was an experiment and a successful one; who is next?

Christmas under canvas is a mode of life that would attract only the most jaded appetite in the home country, but below the equator it must be a regular and delightful occupation, and one that does not surfeit the desire for camp in June. In the Transvaal, the family make the opportunity twice a year to rally together under canvas, there to discuss in the midst of a certain primitive simplicity the vital problems of the season. Two dates for the future are fixed already: the first during Christmas-tide, from December 15 to January 2 at Nahoon Mouth, near East London, and its complement at Plaaton, near White River, in June or July. Plain living and high thinking should be boon companions: the first will be supplied with a minimum of expense; it is the responsibility of the province to provide the second.

The activities of our sisters have rarely, if ever, been reported in this section of news from Overseas. In case such a state of affairs should petrify into an inviolable rule we propose to call attention to the L.W.H. Branch of *Pretoria*, whose Lamp was lit during February in London and dedicated at their Birthday Festival in June. The dedication of the Lamp was carried out by Neville Talbot, the Bishop of Pretoria, to the memory of Cecil Mary Talbot, his wife. Then, subsequently, the Branch cake, with its one proud candle, was cut by little Miss Talbot.

United States of America

News from the U.S.A. has been for a long time lamentably scarce in these pages. Now that our struggling family over there has a full-time man we may expect to be posted regularly about their progress: Jim Hubbard (The Rev.) undertook, before he sailed home from England, to look after this. Meanwhile, one instance of an opportunity of service taken wholeheartedly will show that the spirit of Toc H is wide awake among American members. At the beginning of August a British freighter, approaching the American coast, sent a wireless message to Baltimore that one-third of her crew were down with typhoid fever, and asked that provision might be made for them on her arrival. It seems that she had shipped some polluted water at Alexandria, and before long a number of her apprentices and crew were desperately ill. On arrival these were sent to the University Hospital at Baltimore. When they had been there for a fortnight the Baltimore Group of Toc H was called up by one of the workers in the hospital and told that no one had made any attempt to pay these men a friendly visit. Toc H members at once responded and found, on arrival at the hospital, that the only touch the seamen had been able to make with the outside world was through the kindness of the nurses who had written home for them: the agents of the shipping company, for instance, had felt it was their job to make telephone enquiries, but had not been near them. Toc H immediately roped in an Episcopal and a Presbyterian padre to visit them, supplied writing-paper, stamps, books and what-not—and "neighbourliness" in any way they could. They also stirred the agents and the Consul into action. "It was pitiful," writes a Baltimore member, "to see bed after bed, eleven in number, all one entire side of the ward, screened in to prevent contagion, and to know some perfectly good British lad was lying in each cot. . . . They had not had one soul to say a friendly word to them, outside the girls in the hospital, until we blew in." Then, on a Sunday night, one of them, a 19-year-old apprentice, died. The *Baltimore Sun* reports: "The victim lived at Ipswich, England, and would have received his second officers' licence in six months. The Toc H, an English religious organisation for men, with a branch here, is in charge of funeral arrangements." The service was taken by Father Hohly, one of the padres our Group had called in, and, besides Toc H members, the British Consul and a hospital worker were present. A member writes: "The undertaker brought flowers as his personal contribution to the memory of the lad who had to die so far from home. It was not the funeral of a stranger in our midst, but simply that of a young lad in the arms of his Blessed Lord with really honest and sincere friends, whose hearts went out as this boy was laid away, around him. The spot where he rests cannot be matched by beauty anywhere in England and we saw to it that his body was covered with the British flag until the last." The Group not only wrote to the boy's parents in Ipswich, but have asked the Ipswich Branch to go and see them. Meanwhile, they are doing all they can for the remaining ten seamen in hospital. Those who were better were already beginning to think of a little thanksgiving Communion which Padre Hohly promised to arrange for them at his church. "Good-neighbourliness is so simple—when men have caught the trick of it!"

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DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

Despatches from the London, Yorkshire, and Northern Areas will be published in the November issue.

From the Home Fleet

LANDSMEN in Toc H are apt to forget the ceaseless activity of their sea-going fellow-members. Incidental news of them comes now and again from units at ports all over the world which their ships visit for a few hours or days, but we hear very little directly from themselves. Since the posts of Fleet Secretary and Shore Correspondent have been created in Toc H (see February JOURNAL, p. 68) we may now hope for regular despatches, so far as the Royal Navy is concerned, and it is a joy this month to be able to print the first of these—the report of C.P.O. Writer C. Brownjohn (Home Fleet Secretary) on Toc H doings during the Summer Cruise of the Home Fleet this year:—

“We started off by holding a meeting for members only on May 7 in the Y.M.C.A. at Invergordon. Eight members were present and we met to talk over Naval Toc H matters. On May 13 another meeting was held at the same place and friends were invited to attend. 24 were present (12 members and 12 guests). A talk on Toc H was given for the information of our guests, and Canon Stair Douglas of St. Ninian's Episcopal Church, Invergordon, gave a talk on service. Except for the destroyers, practically the whole Fleet was at Invergordon during early May.

As most of the ships, after leaving Scapa, were calling at different English, Scotch, and Irish ports during June and July, the Toc H secretaries of these places (where there was a unit) were warned beforehand of the visit of a ship with a Naval member on board. This led to many interesting meetings, and in some cases, of jobs done by Naval members and their pals.

Toc H units at the following places were visited by Naval members:—*Greenock*—two members and one probationer on board “Furious,” called and attended their meeting; *Aberystwyth*—“Furious” called here, but only one member was able to get ashore and meet Toc H. He also called on Major Higgon (late Area Secretary) at Tenby; *Falmouth*—“Furious” called here and only one member was able to get ashore and meet this unit; *Scarborough*—“Rodney” and “Valiant” called here—three Naval members—and met Toc H. These three, together with six pals (non Toc H) from their ships helped as stewards at a meal and outing to 36 old veterans from Leeds, arranged by Toc H *Leeds* and *Scarborough*. They met the Scarborough family afterwards. From Scarborough they made a trip to Hull, through the kindness of Scarborough members, and met the Hull Family; *Margate*—“Valiant” with one Naval member called here; *Bournemouth*—“Warspite” with four Naval members called here and met the family.

“Courageous” Circle made many friends during their cruise. At *Loch Eribol* they entertained Social Workers Guild from the village of Tong and showed them round the ship. There were thirty ladies and five gents in the party; at *Portree* they assisted the Deep Sea Scouts on board to entertain the D.S.S. visitors; at *Larne*, on arrival, they were met on board by *Belfast* District Secretary. Only one Naval member could get off to visit the Newsboys' camp which was run by the local Toc H. Members were shown a job at the Sailors Rest, Belfast, by *Duncairn* Branch. Other units visited in the district were *Ormeau* and *Bridge End*, *Belfast* and *Cranmore* joint Guest-night, *Knock* group Guest-night, and *Duncairn* Branch Guest-night. During the whole time, from June 11-18, they were most hospitably entertained and made welcome.

On June 17 the Circle held a Guest-night on board "*Courageous*." It was anticipated that about 35 shore members would come, but on the night 120 members and guests arrived on board. "Light" was celebrated in the lecture room and after everyone had been eased out of the room by a shoehorn, grub was handed round. On the flight deck each member of the Circle was presented with a blackthorn walking stick as a memento of the visit. A conducted tour of the ship followed. A Shillalagh was presented to the Circle as a reminder of Toc H Belfast. "*Courageous*" also visited *Torquay* and met the family there.

Weymouth: The whole Fleet assembled here and the Weymouth family invited us to a Guest-night at the Loft on July 12. This was a great show—about 40 civilian and Naval members being present. Unfortunately, owing to the flying exercises for His Majesty's visit, the members from "*Courageous*" and "*Furious*" were unable to be present. After a sit-down meal and Light, Major Jourdain and Padre Knock spoke, stressing the Naval members' part in acting as ambassadors.

I think the above proves the plan as laid down by Headquarters is the only one at present which will help Toc H in the Home Fleet. The contacts made on shore should prove beneficial to the shore units as well as to ourselves. The great difficulty is jobs. The job done at Scarborough was good work. Belfast district seemed so well managed, and there being no lack of helpers there, there was nothing the Naval members could do except meet the different units and accept the hospitality so cordially extended to them. I believe our Naval member appreciates the shore units as much for the knowledge that he will find congenial company of the right type, as for any other reason. Everywhere our members received wonderful receptions, and at all places the shore members were invited on board and shown a British Warship as the only return we could give them. These visits do keep our Toc H family life and spirit alive. The greatest problem is the probationer, but with the two Assistant Secretaries, I think we shall be able to remedy that difficulty somewhat."

C. B.

From Wales

Since our last notes appeared we are all sorry to learn that our Area Secretary Wynne Jones has through illness been obliged to resign. Those of us who worked with him and watched his splendid pioneering work in the Welsh Coal Valleys learnt to love and admire his delightful personality. We shall miss him much but shall hope he will soon be fit and well again. Two important developments have taken place recently, which we believe will strengthen our building, in the creation of two new Districts *viz.*: the MID-GLAMORGAN and RHYMNEY VALLEY (units had previously been in the Cardiff and Swansea Districts both of which had become a little unwieldy). During July and August five DISTRICT CAMPS have been held mainly for boys of unemployed men. These have been possible through the financial assistance of the Pilgrim Trust and over 100 voluntary subscribers. We now look forward to our winter work and especially to the AREA FESTIVAL on November 19-20 which this year is being held at *Pontypridd* with Padres Owen Watkins and Gilbert Williams as chief guests. By the time this is in print we shall have enjoyed a visit from Pat Leonard who will have spoken at three District Guest-nights—*Penarth*, *Swansea* and *Tredegar*.

Cardiff District

This district together with South Wales generally has entered upon a new era. It began on the evening of March 11 last, when Tubby talking at a District Guest-night at Cardiff told us that Toc H was backward in South Wales and in grave words and plain that

whether we liked it or not the growth of Toc H in South Wales had been laid upon us members of Toc H by God. Hard on this by a series of accidents came Greeno into our midst to deepen our knowledge of Toc H. Two Week-end Trainings within the District, one at *Cardiff* in April, the other at *Ystrad Mynach* in June, both well attended and taught by Greeno together with a District Cricket Match and Rally on July 2, have begun, we hope, the rebuilding. By the reorganisation of existing Districts and the formation of new Districts in South Wales which has been going on during the last twelve months, in the immediate future the original unwieldy and impossible Cardiff District which sprawled over most of East Glamorgan will have become a small compact District of five units within and immediately around the City of Cardiff. In this way the ground has been cleared for the Cardiff District Committee to spread Toc H in that City. May it succeed!

Mid-Glamorgan District

The first big event after the formation of our District was the District Guest-night held at *Bridgend* when Sawbones was the chief guest. As usual he thrilled both guests and members by his talk and already people are asking for a second visit. Our District Camp for poor boys went off splendidly. It was a joy to be able to take 86 of them although we hope when times are better, perhaps next year, we shall be able to double that number.

Monmouth District

During the last six months three healthy Groups have received recognition *viz.*: *Aber-tillery*, *Tredegar*, and *Blaenavon*; the latter is being "big-brothered" by *Pontypool* whom everyone has congratulated on their promotion to Branch status in July last. Padre Hubbard visited South Wales for three days and spoke at *Ebbw Vale* and as a result we shall all think more fairly about conditions in U.S.A. and do our best to uphold him and Toc H in their great task. We had a very happy Training Week-end at Pontypool in most pleasant surroundings. Between sessions we enjoyed the delights of Pontypool's Natural Park and had our meals in the Cricket Pavilion.

North Glamorgan District

It is gratifying to report that good progress continues to attend the efforts of those who have embraced Toc H principles in this District. All Groups are steadily developing along the best lines. In most cases the past winter resulted in greater stability and the coming season is looked forward to with great eagerness. The coming into the Area of Greeno has given to the movement just the fillip it seemed to need. Toc H has assumed new proportions in our minds and we all earnestly hope that the deeper demand made by Greeno's interpretation of the real spirit of Toc H will find a ready and willing response in the hearts of all with whom it will come into contact. A Training Week-end at *Trealaw* was conducted by Sawbones and Greeno and although the attendance was not confined to North Glamorgan many local fellows took advantage of the Week-end, with happy results to prospective Groups. Another such Week-end is to be held at *Aberdare* soon and it is certain that Groups will benefit very considerably by the potential leaders such courses are bound to produce. Ronnie Grant's visit to *Aberdare* for a District Guest-night was very much enjoyed in spite of terrible weather. His stories of Toc H overcoming generations of hatred and prejudice in South Africa were an inspiration and help. It is a matter of sorrow to North Glamorgan that Wynne Jones is no longer able to carry on and the expressions of sympathy and affection sent him by all Units and by his very many friends will surely be of some comfort to him. May he soon recover and be fit for duty again.

Swansea District

Have had a busy time in the last six months and interest and keenness are steadily increasing. We have had two Training Week-ends, one at *Morrison* and one at *Port Talbot* whilst Tubby had a warm welcome at a District Guest-night at *Neath*. We welcome two new units to the family *viz.*: a Group at *Resolven* and a tentative Group at *Llansamlet*. Both are doing well and are beginning to make their presence felt. We have lost *Port Talbot* to the newly formed *Mid-Glamorgan* District. *Neath*, *Llanelly* and *Resolven* ran a successful poor boys' Camp at Maudlin whilst *Morrison* and *Llansamlet* did likewise at Caswell Bay. The Swansea District has been granted charge of the *WELSH SILVER LAMP* during the coming year and it will be placed in St. Mary's Church, Swansea, there to be tended by all the units in turn.

West Wales District

We are a very scattered family and distance makes it difficult to meet often, but on July 9, we, from *Aberystwyth*, *Lampeter* and *Fishguard* met at *Cardigan* for a "pow-wow" and to welcome our new Area Secretary to "Little England beyond Wales." The *Fishguard* Group, although somewhat lonely, is very much alive. It is the first unit in South Wales to hand over its Headquarters to the unemployed for their use during the daytime. Judging from Press cuttings it is much appreciated. We believe it is also the first unit to become tree cutters, the result being that the hospital conservatory, which has suffered in recent years by overshadowing trees, is again vulnerable to the sunshine. Fresh contacts are being made at Letterston, Newport (Pemb.), Cardigan and Goodwick and we hope to report progress in our next letter.

From the South Western Area

Since the last letter Toc H in this area has shown surprising growth. Burton Bradstock, South Petherton, Lyme Regis, and Lynton have become Groups. Toc H is "groping" at Minehead, North Petherton, Portland, Torrington and Totnes. And more are in the offing, "twinkling points of fire." Still scattered though the units are, the family spirit tends to grow and, for its fostering, the first Festival of the South Western Area, to be held in Exeter on January 7-8 next, is looked forward to.

South Somerset and West Dorset

There is an air of quiet efficiency about the report of the efforts to form a Group at Portland, such as is usually to be expected when the Navy bears a hand in any enterprise. Since it might be helpful as a working model to others for the start of their corporate life, it is given here almost in full in the hope that some of the older units will, on this occasion, excuse any undue brevity in the report of their own doings:— "As a result of a missionary meeting held on June 3, 1932, under the auspices of *Weymouth* Group, nineteen of us decided to try the experiment of making a start on the Island. A loft over a garage in Chiswell was acquired and on June 9, operations commenced. The place was in a state of extreme dilapidation and literally choc-a-bloc with rubbish, but it was to be our home and we set to work with a will to get it presentable for our first meeting planned for Monday, June 13. When we met on the memorable 13th we decided to concentrate on renovations and at the time of writing our home presents a far different appearance. Its walls are cemented and colourwashed, its windows are repaired and painted, its floor stained, trap door and electric lighting fitted—it promises to be a home from home. Chairs have mysteriously appeared, as have tables and a bookcase. A library is growing and a librarian has volunteered his services. Artists have been busy and their

productions now adorning the walls are worthy of any *Toc H* Home. Outside the loft our activities have been somewhat limited but, none the less, promising. A team is preparing a report (complete with suggestions) on the local Unemployment problem. In the very near future the report will receive our consideration and a large portion of the team will set to work on a scheme for assisting in various ways our unfortunate brethren. We are endeavouring to get the use of some waste land, the property of the Admiralty, and by clearing and levelling it, turn it into a playing field for the Underhill schoolchildren. One of our members has taken upon himself the duty of visiting all Portland people in the Weymouth Hospital each Sunday afternoon and another Probationer visits the patients at the Naval Hospital, Portland, work which we know is very much appreciated. A scheme is being prepared by which the Grope may co-operate with the officers of H.M. Borstal Institution in the training of some of the lads in useful hobbies or artistic pursuits. Suggestions for work in this direction emanated from the Governor of the Institution who gave us a very warm invitation during an extremely interesting chat at one of our gatherings. A strong team offered their services to the local Parish Church in the running of a Garden Fête on July 20, and the erection of stalls and running of sideshows fell to our lot. A wet evening very much curtailed the success of the Fête but our chaps had done their bit and we know it was appreciated. A similar effort for one of the Free Churches will be undertaken in the near future.

An excellent spirit of "camaraderie" has been shown and we are training quietly but with great keenness for the big jobs ahead. The *Weymouth* blokes have rallied round us splendidly and friendships have been formed which will last a lifetime."

Weymouth (now raised to Branch status) has, as will be seen from the above, been working. The 46 members seem to do a lot else besides, of which the regular visiting of the casual wards every Sunday is, perhaps, the most important corporate job.

At *Sherborne* they held a "self-examination debate." Result not stated but judging from the report of their activities, it may well be that this is due to modesty. One George, reporting from *Crewkerne*, says that things there are going well. He mentions numerous corporate jobs including regular visiting of casual wards and the opening of a free library which has a membership of 500 readers. He also touches lightly on sundry "stout efforts" by individual members (not "stout fellas," it is thankfully noted). *Ilminster* do work in the casual wards too. They send a report containing 14 items of interest. It is not easy to pick out the most important, but it may be mentioned that they have decided to adopt the "envelope" system of Finance, because any other units which struggle with the vexed question might note that the said system, properly worked, solves it. *Axminster* have done the same and seem to heave a sigh of relief. They say they are getting better known and have more requests for jobs to be done than formerly.

Burton Bradstock (Lat. 50.42N. Long. 2.42W.) having groped their way through sundry jobs, received their Rushlight in July. *Lyme Regis* have also received their Rushlight since the last letter and are very evidently going strong. They do all sorts of things, including gardening for certain old people who can't do it themselves and can't afford a gardener—a job which must give a lot of pleasure all round. At the time of writing they are lending a hand with a camp for boys from Yorkshire. That—by gum!—will keep them busy.

West Somerset District

Finding that offers of service, following the Prince of Wales's appeal, did not come pouring in, *Taunton* Branch started at the other end and having made a comprehensive survey (in conjunction with Rotary) find that there is a surprisingly large field of service waiting

to be tackled, which will keep them busier than ever—which is saying a lot. *Wellington*, now raised to Branch status, seem to be both active and matey. Their correspondent writes of the unforgettable experience which the pilgrimage to the Old House provides. It is a pity that the cost of the journey debars so many from the West. We shall have to think about fitting out a pilgrim ship!

Bridgwater. This very lively young Group continues to forge ahead and owing to their big membership have had to scout about for a new home which they have now found. They did a good bit towards getting the North Petherton and Minehead Groves started. The members of *Tiverton* Branch—like Exeter with its Twigs—owing to numbers, had to divide into two Teams. They seem to find that this arrangement works well and makes for the strength and usefulness of the unit as a whole. Team A, in embarking on a Social Survey, have gone right back, apparently, to the fundamental question: "Why is Tiverton?"

East Devon District

Exeter, with neighbouring Branches and Groups, held a jolly week-end camp at Dawlish Warren which all thoroughly enjoyed. Wilf, our reporter, goes on to say that in numbers and enthusiasm the Branch was probably never in a more flourishing state and the new premises at 42 St. David's Hill are put to good use. Passing down the road lightheartedly from the old city, therefore, we come to *Newton Abbot*, where again things seem to be pretty well as they should be. Their jobs are mainly of the individual order and they have been doing some spade work in Teignmouth and Dawlish, also at Bovey Tracey.

Paignton Group by an influx of young blood has considerably reduced its average age and feels full of vim, with plenty to do and the manpower to do it.

West Devon District

In *Plymouth* their chief job is the visiting of the casual wards and they report successful results and appreciation from those concerned. *Devonport* Group say that a visit in the Spring from Barkis simply woke them up and they reckon that they have now turned the corner of success. They get a good deal of lively aid from the naval members who now use the naval men's Passport Cards which are proving a great success.

West Cornwall District

Since the visit of Jourdain in April the *St. Austell* Group have been busy along the lines which he suggested. A motor Treasure Hunt in aid of the funds of the local hospital and help in an effort for the Waifs and Strays Society, together with some carpentry activities, seem to have been the chief occupations of this somewhat isolated unit. At *Truro* they look after the apprentices, who, being young and active fellows, find life monotonous on board the fine ocean-going steamers which are laid up in the River Fal. They also did a good job in raising over £200 for the Infirmary and Nursing Association; in which connection—with the help of the said young seafarers—they safely navigated quite a sizable ship through the streets of Truro. The *Penzance* Branch report visits from several overseas members including one from Brussels. The Boy Scout movement claims a good deal of their attention.

At *Falmouth* the chief job in recent months has been the setting up and fitting out on a farm near the Lizard of the first Youth Hostel Association Hostel in Cornwall. A good time was had by all, and, when it was done, to show confidence in their own handiwork, 18 members with 2 from *Redruth* Group spent a night there. It was a pleasant surprise to more than one to find that the home-made double-decker bunks stood the strain well.

S. F. H.

From the Western Area

Swindon District

In the way of jobs *Swindon* Branch can thoroughly recommend an egg collection for the local hospital, the rather surprising number of close upon 14,000 eggs having been procured by an amount of work not at all in proportion thereto. Details may be obtained on application. Hospital visiting, with a service on Sundays when possible, is a well-established job and one very much appreciated. To those who have seen the garden at Mark XVI in past days we would like to make it known that thanks to the energy and devotion of at least two hostellers and one unemployed probationer it is now something of a joy to behold what a garden should be.

Two recent *District Guest-nights* stand out in our memories. The first one was held at Swindon, with Ronnie Grant at his best, that is to say, he said just that which was needed, and made it plain to at least one guest that Toc H was the very thing that he had hungered for, although he had imagined it to be something quite different. The second one was held at Chippenham, and was incidentally the "house-warming" of the group's new room. Here Jim Burford, of the I.C.F., was the speaker guest. Speaking from the fullness of experience in several parts of the world, he gave us a most impressive talk on the implications of "thinking fairly."

Chippenham are to be congratulated upon their acquisition of a very fine room, and are already paying tribute to the principle of the weekly meeting which it affords. They have, however, recently sustained great loss in the passing over of one of their best members, Alfred Barnes. A gardener by calling, he had been for 41 years the part-time verger of his parish church, and it was revealed by the Rector, to whose knowledge it had only just come, at the memorial service that "he had never kept for himself the money which he earned as verger, he had always given it away, mostly to the S.P.G. and Dr. Barnardo's, and some of it to hospitals. Let them try and realise for a moment what that meant." Further the Rector said that one of the things that he would miss most would be the sound of his cheery whistle and occasional bursting into song early on Sunday mornings as he came and went from the early service and his faithful attendance at their clubs was not simply for his own enjoyment; his chief motive was to help, if possible, to win a few men, especially the young men, for Christ and his Church. The Secretary of his Group writes: "Despite the many calls of voluntary work on his spare time, he rarely failed to turn up for family prayers, he was foremost in seeking jobs, could always be relied up for a song, and considering his worldly means was a ready and liberal subscriber. Toc H was in his mind to the end; just before he passed away in hospital he asked that his subscription should be paid up to the time of his death, and as secretary and treasurer of the Group, I can assure you that I never handled a half-crown which seemed so sacred."

Marlborough report that they are within sight of having a room of their own, an anonymous donor having promised to bear the cost, and they speak of a promising contact at East Kennet. *Hungerford* continues its Boys' work, crowning its efforts with an excursion to see the Navy Week display at Portsmouth. *Melksham* report the loss of their secretary, Cyril Ellerton, who has taken an appointment in London. We are all exceedingly sorry that another member of the same name, Admiral Ellerton, has had to retire, under doctor's orders, for some months from active work. Not only the Swindon District but the Area will greatly miss him and hopes for his speedy recovery.

BRISTOL AND BATH DISTRICT is combining with Swindon District in a Birthday Festival to be held in Bath on November 26.

Gloucester District

Toc H in the Gloucester District, as represented by the following units, *Cheltenham* and *Gloucester* Branches, *Hartpury*, *Dursley*, *Cinderford* and *Bishops Cleeve* Groups, is trying to follow out the lead given by Tubby in the January JOURNAL by "Aiming one inch higher." We are consolidating the ground won, prior to further developments, believing that the building and spreading of Toc H can only be done on sure and sound foundations. The District Committee, working as a team, is seeing that greater vision, yet not suffering from "Hypermetropia." Last year, through the work done in 1930 we were able to unveil two more "Living Memorials," namely the Groups at *Cinderford* and *Bishops Cleeve*, and we believe that through the work we are doing now we shall be able to do the same next year, only "more so." Much has been said, and more perhaps thought, about District Committees. Whilst perhaps we have had the same criticisms we have also had the great joy of seeing our most noble critics become very worthy workers in the District Committee Team. It's a great cure!

In addition to the corporate jobs of units, such as outings for Old Folks and the Blind, Kiddies' Camps, etc., which seem to be more or less universal, work for Boys' Clubs, Scouts and the Blind and the visiting of Hospital and Prison is also being faithfully done. One Unit seeing the necessity of a Kiddies' Playground has managed to scrounge a waste piece of land, and may be seen most evenings very busily fixing up sundry swings, seesaws, etc. Digging up old peoples' gardens and carrying water is a regular job in one of our villages, and we are proud to say that the War Memorials in more than one village are being taken care of by some of our Units.

Our District engagements so far are as follows:— September 10-11, Week-end Training Camp at Bushley (near Tewkesbury); October 18, District Guest Night at Bishops Cleeve, near Cheltenham, when Gilbert Williams is coming to talk to us; December 10, Joint District Birthday Festival, with the Stroud District at Stroud; already we are looking forward to having Barkis with us again.

Should any outside member be coming to this District (which is, of course, in the finest County in England!) he will be sure of a very hearty welcome at any of our meetings which take place as under:—*Cheltenham* Branch, 24, St. George's Street, every Monday, 7.45; *Gloucester* Branch, Community House, on Tuesday, 7.45; *Hartpury* Group, Village Hall, on Tuesday, 7.45; *Dursley* Group, The Rafters, Market Place, on Tuesday, 7.45; *Cinderford* Group, St. John's Church Institute, on Wednesday, 6 p.m.; *Bishops Cleeve* Group, The Harness Room, Rectory Stables, on Tuesday, 7.45.

Stroud District

As this is the first letter from the Stroud District, a little may be said about the work done by the District team during their first year. Most of the members, having been used to District work, soon got into their stride, and set about developing greater fellowship among the members of units by having district Family Nights when units discussed Toc H aims together. Four were held during the winter of 1931-2 and proved very successful; these were apart from District Guest Nights. Then Padre Sawbones helped us greatly with a training week-end held at *Cirencester*. A few weeks ago Ronnie Grant met and spoke to a good crowd of fellows from all units at a Guest Night held at *Pitchcombe*, our youngest unit. Both *Cirencester* and *Stroud* have been taking stock of themselves and studying the "Four Points" carefully as they feel they want to march forward to the greater responsibility of Branch status. The Group at *Pitchcombe*, a small village in the loveliest part of the Cotswolds, are doing a useful job that does not come into the lime-light *i.e.*, keeping a stretch of National Trust Land (a local beauty spot) free from old bottles, papers, etc.

Tetbury gave joy to over 60 Old Folks, and they wouldn't let anyone be old till they were over 70—and hardly then. Members in most places feel that, for the Ceremony of "Light" the Lamp or Rushlight should be set on a pedestal or bracket of worthy note, so placed that the light burns steadfast and bright above the eye level, never to be treated as a candle feebly flickering amongst a medley of assorted documents on a baize-covered table. An ideal setting for their Rushlight has been achieved by the *Tetbury* members. In the roughly-built stone wall of an old-world room with darkened rafters, a niche has been formed from stone taken from the windows of their Parish Church during its recent restoration. In this unique setting, with the assembly of Members forming a semi-circle facing the light, the Ceremony is considerably enhanced and the atmosphere charged with its true significance.

Cirencester took 70 odd folk from the local Workhouse for a run into the country and gave them tea, while *Stroud* and *Painswick* also took Old Folk out. The Jobmaster sees a good deal of service that is being done by fellows in a quiet way in each unit. Missionary work has not been good for some time, but we have at last got some "contacts" who are attending existing units, and will, we feel sure, later inspire others in their own town to the service of Toc H. A fine evening was spent when some of the boys from Wycliffe College, who were about to leave, came to a Guest-night, and heard the tale of Toc H, well told by one of the Stroud blokes.

All units threw themselves into the job of making the *District Fête* at Stanley Park on July 28 a success which it certainly was, in spite of the fact that the morning of that day was quite the wettest of the year. The Fête was advertised by means of the "Fair Times," a most cheerful and ambitious production of eight pages, "registered as waste-paper" but containing a deal of good matter about Toc H in general and District doings in particular, as well as the humour of a "rag" magazine at its best.

Late Night Final

THE intelligent reader has realised already that the Overseas News in the JOURNAL is necessarily incomplete and fragmentary. The following list is designed to encourage our readers to subscribe to at least one Overseas Journal, and so to complete their vision of the family, 'from China to Peru.'

Australia: *The Link*. Monthly, 3/6 per annum. Editor, 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Malaya: *The Little Journal*. Monthly, free, postage extra. Editor, S. G. Grant, 1,298, Circular Road, Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.

New Zealand: *The Ventilator*. Monthly, 2d. Editor, c/o Box 742, Christchurch, New Zealand.

India: *The Lamp*. Monthly, 5/- per annum. The Business Manager, "The Lamp," 2/2, Lansdown Road, Calcutta.

Ontario, Canada: *The Midnight Sun*. Monthly, \$1 per annum. Editor, 614, Huron Street, Toronto.

South Africa: *The Compass*. Bi-monthly, 3/- per annum. The General Business Manager, P.O. Box 3624, Johannesburg.

South America: *The Mark*. Bi-monthly, \$3.00 Argentine paper per annum. Editor, Mark I, (S. America), Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires, Argentine.